

Improvement Era

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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD,
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT
ASSOCIATIONS, AND THE
SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH
OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER
DAY SAINTS



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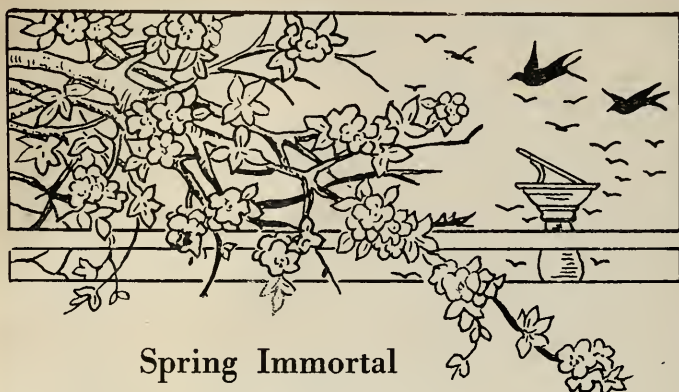
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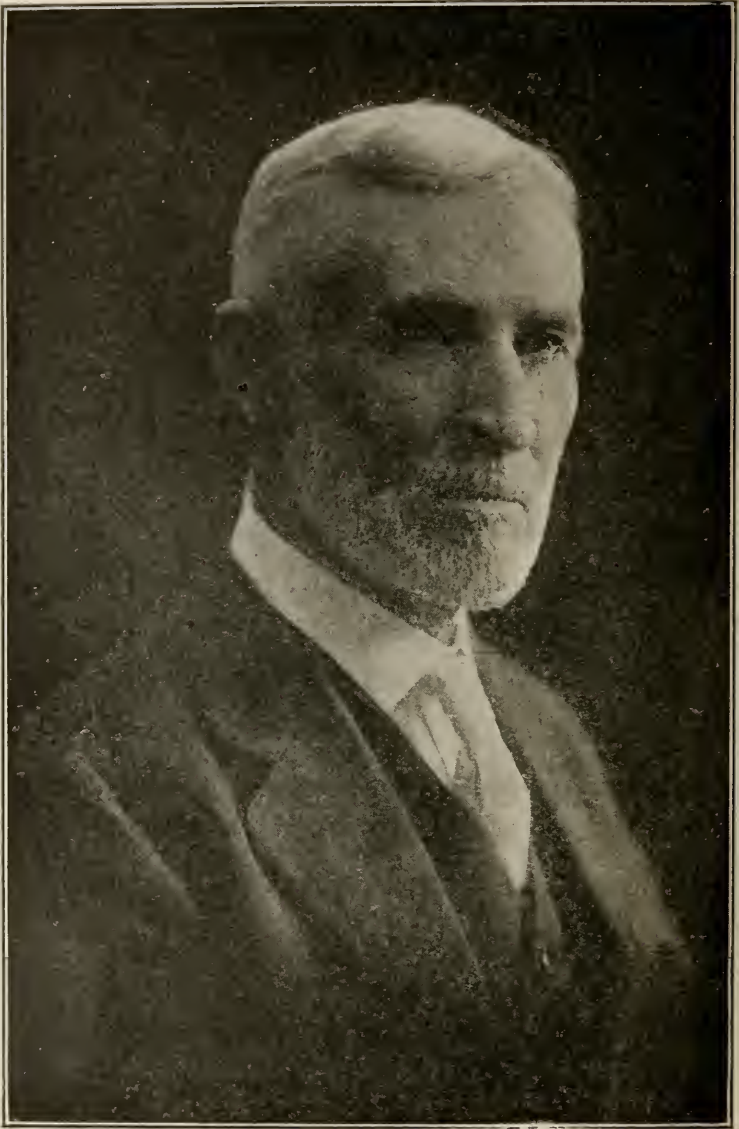
WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



Spring Immortal

The apple trees, as in the years ago,
In blossom answer to the vernal call;
With ripple-music, streams in brightness flow,
And robin red-breast runs beside the wall.
To star the meadows, edge the boulders gray,
The dandelions come in golden rings,—
For fair and gladsome is this month of May,
As those the poets sang in vanished springs.
Oh, time will take the blossom from the bough,
Its scented leafage scatter on the ground,
And Maytimes, beauteous as the Maytime now,
Be gathered, countless, in the season's round:
But let earth's blossoms come but to depart,
A Spring Immortal, Love, dwells in my Heart!

ALFRED LAMBOURNE.



PRESIDENT ANTHONY W. IVINS

Second Counselor in the First Presidency. Born in New Jersey, September 16, 1852; came to Utah in 1853; ordained an apostle, October 6, 1907; chosen and set apart as General Superintendent Y. M. M. I. A., November 27, 1918; chosen and ordained Second Counselor in the First Presidency, March 10, 1921.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXIV

APRIL, 1921

No. 6

"Christ is Risen"

By President Charles W. Penrose

(From a Decoration Day Sermon.)

The Decoration Day which we are celebrating draws our minds to contemplate some of the things the Lord has revealed to us concerning the important subject of the resurrection:

About 100 years ago, a boy in the western part of the state of New York, for the first time uttered a vocal prayer in a grove near his father's house, and "the door" was opened; the heavens were opened to him, and the Father and the Son appeared to him and gave him instructions, preparing him for the revelations yet to come in the establishment of the Church and Kingdom of God in the latter days, spoken of by all the holy prophets since the world began. So God is a God of revelation. God has the same power to communicate today as he had in former times, and he is just as willing to draw near to you today, if you will draw near to him. That is the great lesson: "Draw near unto me, and I will draw near to you, saith the Lord of hosts." So he declared hundreds of years ago, before Christ was born on the earth, in the flesh. He is "the same yesterday, today and forever," and he will hear our prayers and answer us if we are willing to receive his word, obey his commandments, walk in his light, listen to the voice of his spirit, do his will and keep his commandments. "If any of you," said the Apostle James, "lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering, for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed; for let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord." (James 1:5-7.) Now, I bear testimony that in these latter days our Heavenly Father, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of our immortal spirits, who loves us

and desires our welfare, has restored the way of divine revelation. But he cannot bless us except we come and yield ourselves to him and to the principles of eternal truth and right and justice and mercy. Unless we walk in his ways and keep his commandments, he cannot draw near to us; neither can the angels, who are appointed to minister for him among the children of men, draw near unto us and be our companions to enlighten our minds, to bless us as well as to lead us up to God, and to reign in his presence, unless we are willing to hearken to their voice and to do that which the Lord commands through them.

All our dear ones who have departed and whose bodies lie in the cemetery, or elsewhere—it does not matter where they are in this globe; they do not go away from it; they are part of it; they are under the control of him who is the Resurrection and the Life and he who brought order out of chaos in the beginning, and organized this globe on which we live, which is one of the small things that God has done and made, he who has that power can call together the particles which are eternal in their primitive nature, and the body can be raised from the dead, and the spirit and body be joined together like the body and the spirit of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, who was put to death on Calvary's Mount, who on the third day arose from the dead and showed himself in the body to his disciples, and told them: "Handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." (Luke 24:36-39.)

Christ was raised from the dead literally, "Christ is risen," was the song of the early Saints. "Christ is risen," is the song of the Latter-day Saints. We know that our Redeemer lives, and that that body, crucified on the cross, is his; and it is only by the means of this eternal, inseparable union, literally, of the material and the spiritual, that man can receive a fulness of joy. That is one of the revelations of God to us: "The spirit and the body are the soul of man, and the resurrection of the dead is the redemption of the soul." And, "spirit and element, inseparably connected, receiveth a fulness of joy, and when separated man cannot receive a fulness of joy." Doc. and Cov. 83:15, 16; 93:33, 34.) So the resurrection is a necessity to our eternal fulness of happiness. By the means of our spiritual nature, we can reach up to God, our Father, who is "the author of our being;" he gave to us our existence, personally. Through the medium of the body, when quickened by the spirit, raised from the dead by the power of an endless life, no more mortal, but immortal, by the means of that medium we can receive blessings and joy and pleasure that pertain to the lower forms of God's creation, to the earth and all such worlds as the earth is; for "all things will be ours," and if we are faithful and true to

the gospel, to Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, baptized into him, led by his spirit, walking in his light, having fellowship with him as our elder brother and the Son of God, then we will have all eternity open before us, not only to the things of time, but access to the treasures of the heavens, for they are multiplied, and the earths, for they are numerous. All things will be ours, and we will be Christ's and Christ will be God's and he will rule and reign over all. The time is coming when he will do that on this little globe of ours, and the time is hastening.

Common Ground

Now, Jones has been my neighbor
 For twenty years or more,
 But I have never liked him much,
 He always made me sore;
 He'd boast about his Jersey cows,
 'Cause mine were Holstein breed;
 And always talked about his spuds,
 'Cause I raised lucern seed.

But then, we didn't often meet,
 Jones had a queer belief;
 He had his socialistic dreams,
 I knew they'd come to grief.
 Besides, he was a Methodist
 And I a "Mormon," rank.
 I always knew that I was right,
 And Jones was just a crank.

But Jones, he seems so changed of late,
 I see him at the school,
 We have a parent-teachers "meet,"
 Each week now, as a rule.
 And Jones's boys sit next to mine,
 And how them kids do sing!
 The walls of that new school house
 Just seem to fairly ring!

And when the program's over,
 Why, Jones and I feel good,
 We talk about the weather
 And the price of coal and wood.
 At last we've found some "common ground,"
 And I just think it's grand:
 The school that teaches our two kids
 Has helped us understand.

Agnes Just Reid.

William Brewster and the Pilgrim Motive

By Ralph V. Chamberlin, of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

In seeking to understand the actions of others we are naturally prone to attribute to them those ideals and impulses potent in our own lives. In the reading of history we tend to reconstruct the past in terms of the thought and life of today. When the action is removed from us by generations or centuries there is in this reconstruction a large likelihood of considerable and often ludicrous error. Then, too, error in the interpretation of historic movements frequently results from the fact that we are forever strongly, though often unconsciously, tending to simplify history at the same time by condensing long processes of development into brief periods of time or about single events that mark merely culminations. This simplifying means mental economy; but its outcome is all too often misunderstanding of men and social movements of the past and their impelling motives.

This penchant for seeing men of remote time merely as vague and shadowy duplicates of those of recent or present days and for treating historic events as complete in themselves rather than as phases of development in intimate relationship to a peculiar life of their own is well illustrated in the treatment given the Pilgrims and their motives in conventional school histories and in various essays and orations commemorative of the landing at Plymouth.

On the one hand, some writers, in accord with an element active in recent thought, have enlarged upon the economic aspect of the Pilgrim movement, making it in some cases the dominant factor. While in general a realistic economic interpretation of American history may be illuminating,—while we may find considerable justification for viewing the American Revolution as primarily an economic protest, the war of 1812 as a trade war, and the Mexican and various Indian wars as essentially land-grabbing expeditions,—an effort to interpret similarly the Pilgrim beginnings and central motives goes far aside the mark. If ever men were actuated by religious motives and guided by what they felt to be essential and eternal values they were the men of the Pilgrim band. They were not animated by commercial instinct; they were oblivious to the titles and good things of earth, and concerned only with religious

values, the glory of God and the coming of his kingdom, and were ever upheld by an abiding faith through which they endured all persecution and hardships, and "but lifted up their eyes to heaven, their dearest country where God hath prepared for them a city."

On the other hand, more prevalent misunderstanding has resulted, not from denying idealism to these men but from attributing to them ideals, purposes and enthusiasms that belong to a much later time. Were these Pilgrim fathers to return today they would protest this dressing of themselves in strange cloaks and would plead anew in all the strength of their missionary zeal for purposes still unrealized. They have been robbed of their proper character and made over from seventeenth century Englishmen, to whom religion was an intense and living reality supreme to all else, into more or less modern Americans in whom, for the most part, religion is kept apart from and conveniently subordinate to commercial and political life. The Mayflower Compact comes to be treated as the first draft of the Declaration of Independence; and a century and a half of vivid life and active growth are thus ignored. The war of 1776 marks more than the final act in a political separation from England; it was the dynamic result of new ideals, long in developing perhaps, but then first clearly enunciated and only then or subsequently established. These ideals produced the declaration that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, that there should be no taxation without representation, and that there should be a complete separation of church and state. Such were the ideals for which the Revolutionary War was fought, but they were not live issues with the Pilgrims, whose hearts and minds were set upon other things.

It is here the intention to attempt a partial uncovering of the real Pilgrim character thus so commonly obscured by elements wrongly attributed, and to indicate some of the beliefs and purposes that were the driving forces in the lives of these men and that gave to them their social unity. It is only as we recognize the ideals and problems vital to them that we are able to give to them the credit actually their due and to realize that in their lives there was a "revelation of purpose shining through eternity" to which we may still turn for inspiration.

The entire Pilgrim movement may well be traced by a consideration of the events in and about the life of the man who, in the simple words of Governor Bradford's epic record of Plymouth Colony, was "foremost in our adventure in England and in Holland and here," Elder William Brewster. He has been justly spoken of as the father of the Pilgrim fathers, for he

was from the very first the heart and soul and mind of their enterprise. Without him there is slight likelihood that there would have been a religious group at Scrooby to receive John Robinson in fellowship from Norwich and later to form an exile congregation over which he might be pastor, and equally small chance that arrangements could have been effected through which a colony should be planted at New Plymouth, to be governed by Carver, Bradford, or Prence.

William Brewster, as we know from an affidavit made at Leyden, was born in the latter part of the year 1566, or the early part of 1567. Thus he was four years older than Shakespeare, six years younger than Sir Philip Sidney, seven years younger than Spenser, and eight years younger than Raleigh. His father, also named William, was appointed by Archbishop Sandys, in January 1575-76, to be receiver of Scrooby and bailiff of the manor-house in that place. Beginning, at the latest in 1588, the senior Brewster held also the office of post for Scrooby, a place his own father seems to have held before him. William Brewster was with little doubt, although definite proof is lacking, related to Reverend Henry Brewster, Vicar of Sutton-upon-Lound, to which Scrooby was attached ecclesiastically, and to his successor, Reverend James Brewster. It is also highly probable that these men belonged to a branch of the Brewster family located since ancient times in the northeastern section of Suffolk county, especially at Wrentham, and in the adjacent parts of Norfolk county, on the eastern coast of England, ranked among the early English landed gentry.

Scrooby, founded by the Danes, lies in the heart of the country along the Humber and Trent rivers which these bold adventurers and colonizers made most fully theirs. It is on the ancient highway or Great North Road leading from London to York and thence to Scotland. It was one of the royal relay stations which were primarily for the exchange of horses of the messengers and officers of the court and for their entertainment over night when they found it inconvenient to press on to a larger town. The office of post was thus of considerably more importance than that of postmaster in recent times. There was at the time of which we are writing, in fact, no postal system for the carrying of private letters. At the manor house of Scrooby at which Brewster senior lived as bailiff for the Archbishop of York, Cardinal Wolsey had spent three weeks before going to York after he had been dismissed to his diocese there by the king, in 1530; King Henry VIII lodged here in 1541; and Margaret, Queen of Scotland, slept here on her way to her kingdom, June 12, 1603, the post at that time being the younger Brewster. The manor house in these early days was of palatial

proportions, an inventory in 1535 indicating thirty-nine apartments. It has been in existence since the time of William the Coqueror or earlier. All that now remains of it is a portion incorporated in a modern farm house shown in the accompanying illustration.

It was here, then, that William Brewster apparently passed



SCROOBY MANOR HOUSE AS IT IS TODAY

In this building is incorporated all that remains of the house that was Brewster's home and the first meeting place of the original Pilgrim congregation.

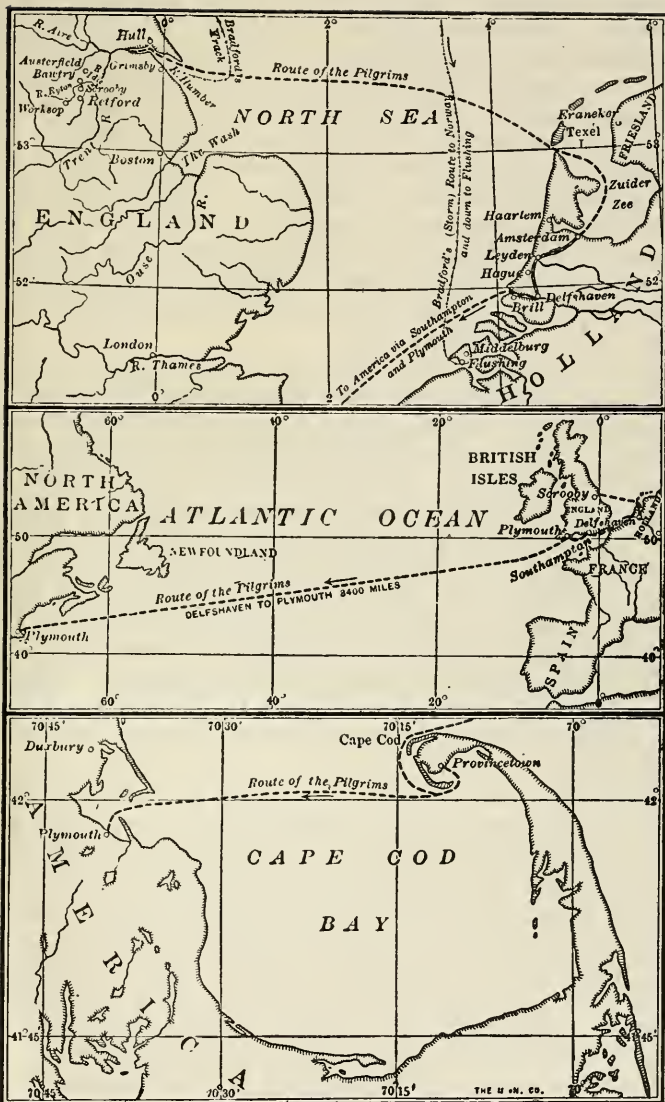
his boyhood, most likely attending school at Bawtry. He matriculated at Cambridge University in December, 1680, entering the college of Peterhouse, the most ancient of all the colleges composing the University. There he seems to have followed the traditional courses, continuing his work in the languages and acquiring "a firm knowledge of Latin and some insight into Greek." He also listened with interest and profit to the famous Puritan divines then in residence, and was thus "first seasoned with the seeds of grace and virtue." In after life he attributed his trend in religious thought to this influence, Cambridge having been noted from earliest time for its liberality, freedom and progressiveness, in marked contrast with the conservatism of Oxford. Brewster seems not to have remained at Cambridge for a degree, however, but to have left the university to enter the service of one of Queen Elizabeth's ambassadors, William Davison, afterwards famous as her Secretary of State.

About this time Shakespeare first came up to London; and the Elizabethan court was at the very heyday of its greatness.

Perhaps it was through family influence that so young a man as Brewster received the important appointment under Davison; but this man had almost certainly stopped at Scrooby in going to and from Scotland, where he had filled a high diplomatic mission, and thus may have come in contact with the boy previously. Be that as it may, Brewster had the qualities of mind and character that soon won him a high place in the esteem and confidence of his employer who "found him so discreet and faithful that he trusted him more than all the others who were round him, and employed him in all matters of greatest trust and secrecy. He esteemed him rather as a son than as a servant; and "knowing his wisdom and godliness he would converse with him in private more as a friend and familiar than as a master."

When Brewster had been at court not more than a year, he was chosen to accompany Davison on an important diplomatic mission to the Dutch United States. England had recently decided to join hands with this country against the Spanish; and Davison was delegated to negotiate terms and to exact security for funds loaned. In this connection it was agreed that the fort of Rammekens and the two cities of Flushing (Vlissingen) and Brill should be turned over to and garrisoned by the English. When the ponderous keys of these walled cities were surrendered to Davison in token of the transfer, he entrusted their keeping to Brewster. Brewster was at Davison's side during all the pageantry and wild rejoicing among the populace accompanying the entry into Holland of the Earl of Leicester, at the head of the British troops, and at the various banquets and receptions following this event.

At this time the Earl of Leicester wrote that "without Mr. Davison I confess myself quite maimed; his credit is marvelous great here. He is, I assure you, the most sufficient man to serve Her Majesty that I know, of all our nation; for he knoweth all parts of these countries and all persons of any account, with their humours, and hath great credit among them all." Davison had previously had long residence in this country; and all his children were born at Antwerp where he was an elder in an English protestant church. Constant association on terms of affectionate intimacy with a man of Davison's high character and ability could not fail to be a powerful factor in Brewster's life; and it must have enhanced greatly the value of the lessons he was learning from his observations and experience among the Dutch, whose civilization at this time was clearly superior to that of his native country. The alert young Englishman must have noted in particular the more general education of the people; the relatively greater number of schools, cheap books and charitable institutions; the unswerving determina-



THE HOMES AND JOURNEYS OF THE PILGRIMS

tion of all classes of people to be free from Spain; the general religious toleration; and the freedom of the press.

Davison returned to England from his mission to the Low Countries, in February, 1586. The Dutch had bestowed upon the ambassador a gold chain as a token of their regard. Upon arriving in England he placed this about Brewster's neck and commanded him to wear it until they came to court as an indication of the esteem in which he held his services. Soon after the return to London Davison was advanced to be one of the principal secretaries of state and a member of the queen's Privy Council. The future seemed most auspicious for him and likewise for his protegee, who had full ground for looking forward to a career at court and in the diplomatic service. But breakers were ahead that were to bring this prospect to an abrupt end, in February, 1587.

After much hesitation, Queen Elizabeth had consented to the demand of Parliament that Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, be executed. But after the event, fearing the results of reaction, she sought, in her characteristic way, to find some one on whom to shoulder the blame. It fell to Davison's lot to be made the scapegoat of the queen's assumed anger; and he was sent to the Tower. That Elizabeth's action was hypocritical is sufficiently shown by her later confession that "that which was laid to his charge was merely for her safety both of State and person." Policy prevailed over justice; for the strongest efforts of powerful friends could not secure Davison's restoration, the queen finally holding that she must appear consistent. With Davison's retirement, Brewster went back to Scrooby; and thereby were to follow events through which the history of the world was changed.

When Brewster returned to Scrooby, in 1587, he found his father's health failing. As a result he took over the actual work of post, to which position he was formally appointed after his father's death. The records show that he held this position officially from January, 1589, to September, 1607. Brewster found religion at a low ebb in the region about Scrooby. Many of the people had not heard a minister in years; and those ministers who had been heard appear to have had little pretension to godliness in life or spirit. The young officer of the post, who married about the time of his appointment to the place, lived "in good esteem among his friends and the good gentlemen of these parts," and entered with earnestness and high purpose into the work of bettering the religious condition of the people. He was the means of bringing into the region a number of able ministers of the liberal or reform tendencies bred by Cambridge University.

He soon began to shelter in his home at the Manor House a congregation for prayer and worship, the excellent income from his position enabling him to offer those who assembled hospitality and entertainment. Though at first still a member of the Church of England, the principles which he held led inevitably to the extreme wing of Puritanism and thence to Separatism. He believed that religion should be made real rather than formal, and that any man who presumed to preach the gospel should lead a personal life in tune with the highest Christian principles. With Wycliffe he believed that it is "God's word that should be preached, for God's word is the bread of souls, the indispensable wholesome bread; therefore to feed the flock in a spiritual sense without Bible-truth is the same thing as if one were to prepare for another a bodily meal without bread."

In the thought of this quotation is the germ of the whole Puritan movement, which may here be briefly discussed. It has often been noted that the Puritan and reform movement first became strong in the eastern section of England and early manifested itself in the University of Cambridge. This institution was a product of that part of the country and stood for the people, for liberality, and progress as Oxford stood for aristocracy, established privileges, high churchism, and conservatism in general. There were several reasons for this. One was the teaching of simple Bible truths by Wycliffe and his "poore priestes." The people of East Anglia had been saturated with this teaching and had treasured it in their hearts and traditions ever since; as a result they had a strong trend toward the search for simplicity and reality in their religion and the will to resist the obscuring of these things in a maze of formalism.

Probably of still greater importance among these reasons was the fact that East Anglia had always been open to incursions from Europe, firstly of hostile invaders and colonizers, and latterly of refugees and immigrants, bringing new ideas. In particular many able and progressive people had fled from the continent to these parts to escape religious persecution, especially that in France and the Netherlands during the efforts to enforce Catholicism. Of special importance and lasting influence was the coming of great numbers of Dutch Anabaptists who disseminated not only a superior knowledge of trades, industries and scientific farming, stimulating to material progress and prosperity, but also liberal political views. Significant was it that these immigrants conveyed the sincere and forceful message of Luther and Calvin of the right of an open Bible and general ideas of religious independence that must have had an

important part in soon making this section of England the center of that radical Puritanism that was soon to manifest itself as Separatism, or Independency, beginning about the year 1600.

When Henry the Eighth broke away from the Pope, many changes were made in the English form of worship; but reform did not go far enough to suit all people. The king himself cared little for the spiritual side of religion, being primarily interested in the fat sinecures he was able to distribute among his followers. He suppressed numerous monasteries; but it was his favorite nobles, not the people, who profited from the confiscated property.

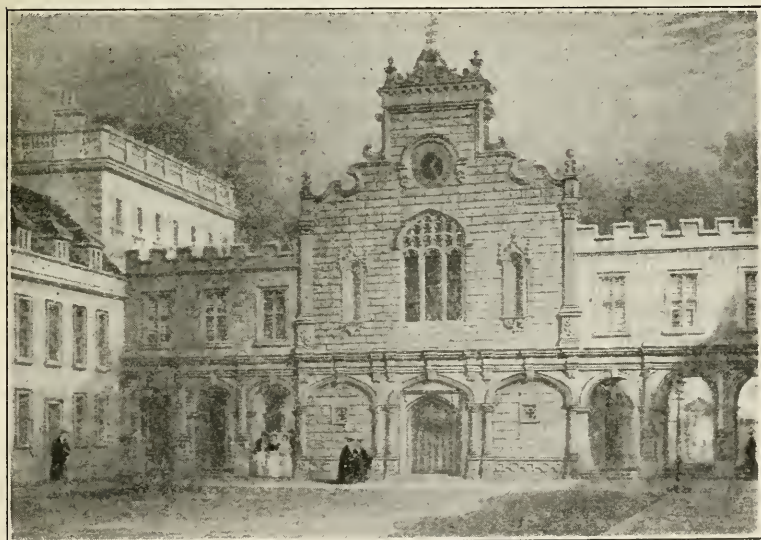
He was succeeded by Queen Elizabeth, who endeavored to bring about complete uniformity in the Church and State. Religion was essentially a political matter with her. In 1559 she secured from Parliament the Act of Supremacy, giving her supreme power over the Church, and soon thereafter the Act of Uniformity, by which all clergymen were bound to use the Anglican liturgy and all persons were required to attend the established church.

This made increasingly difficult the lot of the clergymen and others who felt that reform had not been carried far enough. There was among the common people a current of sincere longing for a higher morality, for purity in the worship of God, and for a simplification of the ordinances. They protested against the perpetuation in the Anglican church of numerous formalisms which they called popery, contending these man-made additions obscured pure Christianity as set forth in the New Testament. They held that there was no more excuse for public immorality than for private. These people who held for a more thoroughgoing renovation of the church and of religious life in general, and yet subscribed to the Articles of Faith, were the Nonconformists, soon nicknamed Puritans, the designation by which they have since been commonly known. Some specific things which they early desired, were, as stated in 1562, at a time when many of the bishops favored them, the abolition of most of the numerous holidays, "except Sundays and the feasts that related to Christ," that the ceremony of the cross in baptism be omitted, that kneeling at the communion be optional, that elaborate vestments for the ministers be abolished or that at most the surplice be regarded as sufficient; and that in officiating, the minister should always face the people. These moderate reforms would probably have been granted, but for the decided opposition of Queen Elizabeth who, loving magnificence in everything, checked the reform move by means of the acts previously mentioned. The Puritans formed the Low

Church party in the Church of England. They desired to reform it but not to separate from it, and were thorough believers in the union of Church and State. In no sense meek and uncomplaining sufferers, they strove as vigorously to convert the members of the High Church as the latter did to make them conform. They were aggressive and militant, and in order that they might secure the ends in which they believed were not averse to wielding the "big stick" or to bringing a king to the block.

Some men, however, in their desire to eliminate from Christian worship all man-made additions, and to follow the New Testament as their only guide, went beyond the Puritans and thought a complete separation from the Church of England the right course. They desired the abolition of the bishops, holding that by the independent organization of each congregation they were conforming to the pattern of the primitive Christian brotherhoods. These were the Separatists.

The Dutch Anabaptists had similar beliefs as to primitive Christian organizations; and their churches were similarly fraternal. As early as 1530 there had been Anabaptists in Norwich, whose children and grandchildren were now among the English-speaking inhabitants. Many family names commonly regarded as English are really the more or less modified names of these Dutch refugees, such as Packard, Cooper, Skidmore,



VIEW IN THE MAIN COURT OF PETERHOUSE COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY

The college at which Brewster studied. From an engraving made in 1842.

Blake, and many others. It is noteworthy that here in Norwich Robert Browne, who had been educated at Cambridge University, where he had openly spoken against the authority of the bishops, about 1580 became pastor over what was probably the first definitely organized Separatist, or Congregational, church in England (on record). Though his congregation seemed obscure, his teachings aroused the opposition of the church authorities. In consequence he made his way with some followers to Holland, where he published three treatises of which the principal one was his *Booke which Sheweth the Life and Manner of all True Christians* (1582). Because of the principles boldly put forth in this book the Separatists were afterwards often called Brownists, although Browne himself, after many of his own followers had been imprisoned and some of them hanged for circulating his books, recanted and died in the Church of England.

The devoted efforts of William Brewster to stimulate religious life in Scrooby and adjacent parts, and to bring ministers into the region, were primarily responsible, it appears, for the formation of a number of what were really independent congregations. Scrooby seems clearly to have been recognized at the time as the center of this religious movement. John Smyth, a Cambridge University graduate who was at this time pastor of a congregation at Gainsborough, later went with many of his followers to Amsterdam. Among those at Scrooby itself were John Clifton, who, in the general tightening-up of ecclesiastical affairs to the official standard, had been deprived of the rectorship of a church at Babworth, and John Robinson, who also assisted in the church at Scrooby and later became officially its pastor when the congregation had removed to Holland, there rising to eminence as a powerful preacher and writer. Robinson, a graduate of Christ College at Cambridge, had previously been suspended from the exercise of his ministry in Norwich, because he had questioned the scriptural authority for diocesan bishops and had, under interrogation, held that the ceremonies were matters "indifferent," and finally, that they were more than that,—that they were wrong. In this group, too, was Richard Bernard, another Cambridge University man, who worked with Brewster and his associates and had set up a Congregational church in Worsop. William Bradford, subsequently to play an eminent role in Plymouth Colony, was attached to this group, though at the time only a boy, his home being at Austerfield, not far from Scrooby.

When Queen Elizabeth died, in 1603, and was succeeded by James I, a period of more stringent persecution began for the Puritans, and, more particularly, for the humble and des-

pised Separatists. This monarch held that nonconformity to the state religion was treason pure and simple, and his opposition to Puritans and Separatists made that of Elizabeth seem mild by comparison. He swore to "harry the Puritans out of the land or else do worse," if they did not conform. It was in line with this that the edict of "conformity or exile" went forth. In 1606, Tobias Matthews, Bishop of Durham, was made Archbishop of York. In tune with the king's purpose, Matthews began almost at once the coercion of conscience and a systematic purging of heresy; and the congregation at Scrooby "were not long permitted to remain at peace. They were hunted and persecuted on every side, until their former afflictions were but as fleabittings in comparison. Some were clapped into prison; others had their houses watched night and day, and escaped with difficulty; and most were obliged to flee, and leave their homes and means of livelihood. Yet these and many other even severer trials which afterwards befell them, being only what thy expected, they were able to bear by the assistance of God's grace and spirit." (Bradford.)

Under such conditions Brewster's knowledge of the Netherlands enabled him to advise his associates fully as to a country which at that time practiced and guaranteed freedom of conscience. Such freedom had begun there in that memorable order given by William the Silent, in 1577, to the magistrates at Middleburg for the protection of the Anabaptists, in which this sentence occurs: "We declare to you that you have no right to interfere with the conscience of anyone so long as he has done nothing that works injury to another person, or a public scandal." Several English congregations had already removed there to avoid the oppression invited by their application of democracy to church polity, one from Gainsborough under John Smyth and another from London (the first of all to reach there) with Francis Johnson as its pastor, being located in Amsterdam. Thither the Scrooby group decided to go.

To make this move required great courage and initiative. To indicate how they foresaw the difficulties and naturally shrank from contact with a strange civilization, and particularly to show their spirit and motive, we may quote the words of Bradford who, at that time was a lad of seventeen or eighteen: "For these reformers to be thus constrained to leave their native soil, their lands and livings, and all their friends, was a great sacrifice, and was wondered at by many. But to go into a country unknown to them, where they must learn a new language, and get their livings they knew not how, seemed an almost desperate adventure, and a misery worse than death. Further, they were unacquainted with trade, which was the

chief industry of their adopted country, having been used only to a plain country life and the innocent pursuit of farming. But these things did not dismay them, though they sometimes troubled them; for their desires were set on the ways of God, to enjoy his ordinances; they rested on his providence, and knew whom they had believed."

Records show that Brewster's service as post of Scrooby terminated in September, 1607. In that month a warrant was issued for his arrest upon the charge of being a "very dangerous schismatical Separatist, Brownist and irreligious subject." He was not found, probably for the reason that he was in jail at Boston, where he and a large company of his associates who had sold their property and were seeking to make their way to Holland had been betrayed to the customs officers by the man with whom they had arranged for passage. Their money, books and goods were confiscated, Brewster, "the chief person of the company," being the heaviest loser. He and other leaders were ordered held at Old Boston, but he appears never to have been tried. This difficulty was because of a law at that time forbidding people to emigrate. The securing of a license to travel had become no easy matter. Some of the Scrooby society did succeed in making their way to Holland that fall of 1607; and the others followed, in the spring of 1608, after some of them had undergone heartrending experiences which need not be here detailed. A second process, or summons, for Brewster and Richard Jackson, was issued in December under the charge of Brownism; but they did not appear to answer and were fined £20 each, the fines being duly levied and returned the next spring.

The Scrooby society went first to Amsterdam where they attached themselves in some degree to the congregations led by Smyth and Johnson. They remained there only about a year, however, during which time they chose John Robinson as their pastor and John Carver as deacon. At the end of that time they decided to remove because differences had broken out between Smyth and his followers and the earlier church under Johnson, often called the ancient church, and nothing availed to end the quarrel. "They thought it best to move before they were in any way involved, although they knew it would be to their worldly disadvantage." For this and other reasons they removed to Leyden, "a fair and beautiful city * * * made famous by its university," although not so favorable in its opportunities for securing livelihoods as Amsterdam had been. Here they engaged in such trades and occupations as they could, "valuing peace and their spiritual comfort above any other riches whatever."

(To be continued)

A Spice of Danger*

By Hugh S. Miller

Illustrations by G. K. Hartwell

In the compound of Talas, which is on the hillside above Cesarea, which in turn is in the interior of Asia Minor, one hundred and twenty-five sunburned miles from the Bagdad Railway, it was early morning. The air was sweet and cool; the sun was hidden behind the brow of the hill, and the dew of night still clung to the leaves of the apricot-trees and the grass of the plot, set off by the bare brown earth around it, where by much careful labor a tiny lawn had been created. The stir of the day's life was beginning. A few birds sped through the trees; one of the house girls crossed the grounds, her wooden legs making a merry tinkle on the stone walk; from the kitchen came the murmur of women's voices; on the lower balcony of the hospital a night nurse, pale from her long watch indoors, appeared for a breath of air. From the dusty road outside the high fence came the creaking of an ox-cart, slowly descending the hill to the plain. Beside the gate, on the slope at the side of the enclosure, the old gatekeeper, who had risen from his sleeping-place in a corner of the fence at the break of day, was squatting on the ground, yawning.

Presently, he knew, his daily troubles would begin. A red-haired youth with a joyful grin would appear from somewhere, climb into the big motor-truck that was standing idle in the yard, and without warning drive it full tilt at the gate. Woe to the gatekeeper! The youth always shouted "Lo, old scout!" as he went bouncing out into the rock-paved passage that led down to the road. The gatekeeper wondered at the meaning of "Lo, old scout!" No doubt it was a malediction. Later, a second truck would go out with a load of wool, to be taken to the mountain stream above the town for washing; but it would go carefully, and the gatekeeper would have plenty of time to jump. The young man who drove it was no foreigner like the other, but was of Cesarea, and the gatekeeper had known him by sight from boyhood. He was prudent and well-behaved. But that

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red-haired youth with his "Lo, old scout!" was like a devil riding on a gale of wind, and the old gatekeeper raised his hands to heaven every time he closed the gate after him.

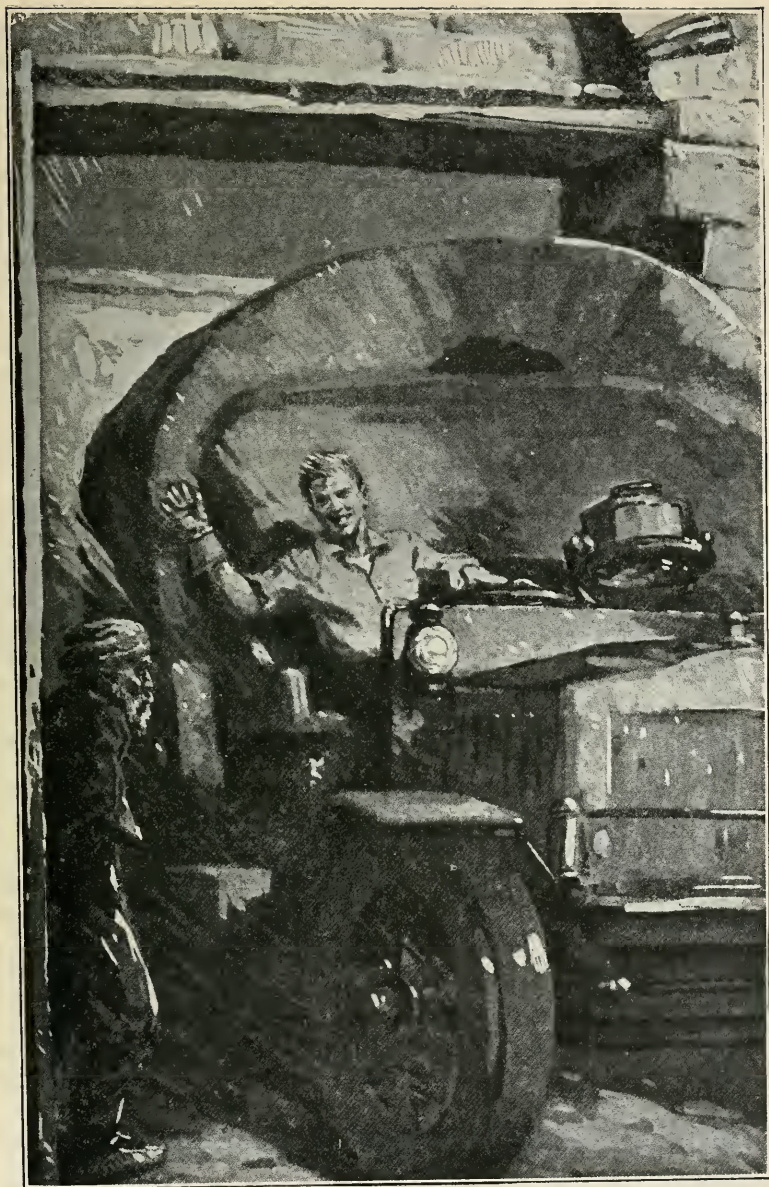
It should be told also that the gatekeeper was glad that he had but this one gate to watch, and especially that he did not have the gate of the great yard down in Cesarea, where the red-haired youth went each day, and which was always busy with the coming and going of the truck trains on the long road to Hartpoot. I know, because I have talked with him. "Here he has but one accursed contrivance of the evil one," he would say. "There he has"—he would spread out the gnarled and bony fingers of both hands in a gesture to indicate quantity—"a dozen or a hundred. By the Prophet, what could he not do to me with a dozen such things!"

The compound and its buildings composed an institution at which the old gatekeeper never ceased to marvel, inasmuch as it was a relief-station that gave without price to those who were in want (and there were many of these, as he could testify, he being among the number), and such a thing had never been known in the land as far back as the memory of his fathers extended. The old gatekeeper approved of it. Never had he heard of so many hungry folks; he himself had not had a bite of food for three days before he was taken in and given his post at the gate (which, God willing, he intended to keep forever, the foreigners being liberal people to work for); and it was not good for a country to lose too many people by starvation.

This early morning I went out and nodded at the old gatekeeper, who as yet was too drowsy to talk, then strolled along the stone walks under the trees, and at last sat on the home-made bench which, though of the size of benches, still was large enough to cover about a sixth part of the tiny lawn, and there considered what a pretty spot it was to look upon.

A door opened somewhere behind me, and I heard the clatter of heavy shoes descending the steps; the next moment a long leg came over the back of the bench, and some one slid easily into the seat beside me.

He wore khaki trousers, belted about his waist, and a khaki shirt, with sleeves rolled up, revealing freckled forearms. His age was about twenty, his hair was red, and of a disposition that refused to be suppressed; it was thick and strong and upstanding, and now, unconfined by any covering, rose erect as if to flaunt itself before the notice of the world. His face, too, was freckled, and glistened from its recent washing; around the edges, in the roots of the thatch of hair, it still showed damp. He smiled when he spoke, as if in his philosophy the act of speaking was a ceremony, to be performed auspiciously or not at all. An



Drawn by G. K. Hartwell.

The gatekeeper wondered at the meaning of "Lo, old scout!" No doubt it was a malediction.

ambulance-driver at the front in France, he had been moved by a desire to see more of the world (little of which was visible from the farm in Indiana where he lived), and at the end of the war had signed up for a year's relief-service in Turkey, where at once he had been assigned to "transportation."

These things I observed or was told during the conversation on which we entered—a desultory chat on small affairs, characterized by intervals of silence in which we contented ourselves with regarding amiably the gathering activity of the compound, especially as it applied to the preparation of the morning meal.

Finally, with a motion of his hand that designated vaguely all our surroundings, he confided that he was well satisfied with the fortune that had cast his lot in such a pleasant location.

"It sure beats riding the truck train," he said. "It's a hard grind, that road to Harpoot."

"It is, indeed," I said.

"Dust and flies and bandits and hills—sleep on the ground, some places—eat what you can get—wash in a tin cup—no good!" He slapped his knee and laughed. "I guess I wasn't lucky to fall into this. I go down to Cesarea in the morning and come back here at night; I sleep in a bed; I get three meals a day and a bath when I want it. And I've got grass and birds and trees to look at and people to talk to. It's bad, yes?"

"It might be worse," I said.

"But," he went on, with a shake of his head, "it's ruining me."

I looked at him inquiringly.

"If it hasn't ruined me already."

I demanded to know what he was driving at.

"It's like this," he said. "When I came out here I was what you might call a bit rough. I never had much at home—and you know what things were like at the front during the war, and what a man had to put up with. I got so I couldn't have slept in a bed if I had had one, I was so used to sleeping on the ground; and I had forgotten there was such an article as a bathtub made. And I wasn't fussy about what I ate, or whether I shaved, or the language I used, or whether I changed my shirt, or washed my hands before eating, or—well, any of those things. I was just the kind for a job out here on the trucks, where the life is nothing to brag about in the way of easy comforts."

"Quite so," I said.

"And what did they do with me when I got here? Instead of sending me out on the trucks, they put me here—in this!" And again he waved his hand, to call my attention to the charms

of the quiet compound. "Of course it isn't like New York or Indianapolis, but it's a nifty little place all the same. And there's even women here. Why, say—look at me!"

I complied wonderingly.

"I'm washed and I'm shaved!" He passed his hand quickly over his chin to prove it. "And it's every morning like this—regular as clockwork. And take a look at the shirt—it just came out of the wash. Every so often the lady that has charge of those things comes around and gathers them up, and if I haven't changed she gives me the dickens. Leastways she did at first; she doesn't have to any more, because I'm always ahead of her." He chuckled delightedly. "They sort of got after me when I came—kind, of course, and all that—but they made me spruce up considerable, they did."

I inquired why he should feel that such a process was accomplishing his ruin.

"Well," he said mournfully, "it's got to be a habit with me now. It's gone so far I'm going to have a hard time shaking it off. It's surprising what it's done for me. Why, if I don't get my bath on time I'm as nervous as a cat; and if my eggs aren't cooked right I'm upset for all day. Sooner or later I'm going to be taken off this job and sent out on the road, and then I'll be up against it. You can see for yourself. Right now I hate to think of sleeping on the ground and roughing it the way you have to on the road. If I don't have a bed, with clean sheets and a netting to keep the flies and mosquitoes off my fair anatomy, I can't sleep a wink. And I can't go anything but civilized food. And if I don't hear a little woman's chatter on the porch in the cool of the evening I feel abused and want to go home. Next thing I know I'll be knocking off early to run up here for afternoon tea. I can feel it coming. Now, can you beat that?"

"You're only a boy," I said. "A day or two on the road—a dash of adventure—a spice of danger—and——"

The breakfast gong sounded suddenly on the porch, with a vigor that rendered conversation difficult, and I stopped. He waited until the clamor has subsided, and we were walking toward the house, and then replied:

"Say, I'm so darned tame now a spice of danger would scare me cold."

This was Sergeant Rouge. It was not his name, but he was known for no other reason than that he had been in the army and his hair was red.

It turned out that those who prescribed what he might and might not do for the year of service for which he was bound did come presently to the opinion (as he had anticipated) that it was time for him to leave Talas and follow the fortunes of

the truck train across the plains and over the mountains, up hill and down dale—except that on the road to Harpoot there was not a dale to be found, it being a term which, I think, implies the presence of green grass and shade, and possibly a brook. Valleys there were, and gullics, but of grass not a blade—nothing but baked brown earth and hot brown rocks, with here and there a clump of dead brown weeds.

And of what happened thereafter I had the story from George, the interpreter, who accompanied him throughout, whom I found resting in the compound at Sivas, protesting to all who would give him ear that no reward in heaven or on earth would tempt him to go through it again.

From Talas, Sergeant Rouge went to Sivas, which was the next station on the line, a day's journey on the truck train. And there he was agreeably provided for because, as it happened, the pleasant-faced housekeeper reserved a special corner in her heart for the transportation men, believing that when they came in from the perils of the road they should be well cared for and made to feel at home.

"I'm always glad to fix up beds and a bite to eat for the boys when they arrive," she told him, as she showed him where he was to sleep, "provided they are in by twelve o'clock. After that, you run the risk of being scolded," she added with a smile. "I'm in a bad humor if I'm called out after midnight. I warn you."

"Yes, ma'am; I'll remember that," said Sergeant Rouge. "And might I be asking if a fellow like me could some time have a bath?"

"Good land, yes!" she replied. "Whenever you want it."

"I'm much obliged, ma'am. I guess I'll take one tonight." And as she was leaving the room: "I'll sure mind what you said about twelve o'clock. I shouldn't want to disturb you from sleeping if I could help it."

She stopped in the doorway to remark that there were not many who were so considerate, and went on down the hall, smiling to herself.

The convoy remained in Sivas two days, during which Sergeant Rouge further attracted the favorable notice of the housekeeper by certain little evidences of domestic virtues, such as his practice of shaving each morning, the care with which he washed his ears, his punctuality at meals, and his solitude concerning the laundry facilities of the station, directed at ascertaining whether his limited supply of extra linen could be washed and ready for him on his return journey from Harpoot. This the housekeeper, of course, promised to accomplish. Being a motherly soul, she even came down-stairs to see him off the morning of his departure, expressing her regret that he should

have to endure such a rough life as service on the truck train afforded.

None of these things escaped the attention of the rest of the crew of the convoy or, indeed, of the other members of the staff of the station, all of whom engaged in pleasant raillery at his expense. He, however, accepted it good-naturedly. Not even when they pretended to take up subscriptions to have a dressing-table made for him, and collected and bestowed upon his previous donations of face-powder and cold-cream from the feminine contingent of the station, and offered him a frilly sleeping-cap in which to confine his exuberant locks at night, did he make the slightest protest. Likewise, when some of the more boisterous expounded largely on the desperate character of the bandits who infested the road, and hinted delicately that it was no place for a person of ladylike nerves, and suggested that there might be a chance of employment teaching sewing at one of the girls' orphanages, he merely smiled blandly or invited them genially to undertake the interesting diversion of chasing themselves.

It was the same when the truck train reached Harpoot, the end of the line, after a heart-breaking pull of days over seemingly interminable mountain ranges. Aware that the little company of workers isolated at this outpost were grateful for any tales of the road that might furnish entertainment, the other members of the convoy regaled them with stories of Sergeant Rouge; of the extremities to which, on the journey, he had been driven to obtain his morning shave; of his obvious distaste for an unvaried diet of cold beans; of his diligence in bathing; of his unsuccessful efforts to emulate their example in sleeping on the hard ground—and such further matters concerning him as they remembered or their playful imaginations improvised. To all of them, and to the friendly bombardment of jests that they provoked, Sergeant Rouge listened appreciatively, and in the best of humor.

In due time the trucks set out on their return journey to Sivas. There were now twenty of them in the convoy. They proceeded in their usual manner, which is to say that an American driver accompanied the leading truck to keep up the pace, two or three others were distributed along the line to inspire the native drivers with confidence and insure their maintaining the proper rate of speed, while in the rear was the "trouble" car, driven by the chief, carrying spare parts and equipment for repairs. Inasmuch as on the down trip there was little freight (not like the upward journey, when the train was always overloaded with relief supplies) a number of passengers were taken, and these were scattered through the train wherever it was convenient to place them.

The long procession, trailing clouds of dust, had toiled over the range to dry, lonely mountains outside Harpoot, then had crossed the Euphrates and slept in the malodorous city of Malatia, of evil reputation, well deserved. In the morning, before the heat was great, it had started off again and hurried across the stretch of desert sand, flat as a board and thirty miles in width, which skirts the base of another range; great hills these to surmount which takes a truck train two full days.

It is on this stage of the run that it is the custom of the convoy to spend the night outside the village of Hassan Chelebi, beside a little stream at the exit of a winding, rocky canyon; on which occasion the trucks are parked with their backs to the running water, and the men, after a snatch of wretched food and tiresome labor at repairing tires, cleaning carburetors, and tuning up motors, take such sleep as they can get on the ground, to rise early for the next day's work.

There had been rumors that the bandits had gathered in force and were intending to attack the train, so the trucks were proceeding with caution, keeping close together for company, and maintaining a sharp lookout. Every man was armed. Several small groups of bandits had been seen on the slopes of the hills overlooking the road, sitting motionless on their horses, watching the passing of the trucks. At one place a man had been found beside the road, shot dead by those who had robbed him.

The spirits of the company had suffered by the strain and uncertainty, combined with the prospect of the hard night and long journey ahead; the drivers did their work in silence; the helpers had ceased the songs with which, in the open places where the horizon for miles around was clear, they were accustomed to lighten the tedium of the trip; the passengers, weary of their uncertain seats in the rear of the trucks, were complaining gloomily.

Sergeant Rouge for the first time had put off his smile, and rode at his station, midway of the line, in a mood of deep abstraction—affected, no doubt, like the others, by the depression which had settled upon the caravan, and perhaps by his own thoughts of the uninviting night to be spent in the miserable precincts of Hassan Chelebi, toward which they were slowly advancing.

It was then something happened. One of the drivers, presumably because of the general atmosphere of uneasiness, allowed his thoughts to wander for a moment when preparing to ascend a grade. By mistake he shifted to the reverse gear; then, as the car started backward, lost his head. This, it may be remarked, is not unusual in a native driver when his car begins to slip backward on a grade. In this case the truck ran away

and backed over the edge of a shallow gully, which was about twenty feet from the road. There were eight passengers in the truck, and six of them were injured.

By the time they had been carried up and laid on blankets on the ground, the chief of the convoy, beside whose eyes already were wrinkles of worry, arrived from his place at the rear of the train and took charge of affairs.

"The nearest hospital," he said, "is at Sivas, and that," he added, after a moment's reflection, "is about a hundred and forty miles from here. If we take them on the convoy, they will have to spend the night at Hassan Chelebi, and won't reach the hospital until tomorrow night at the earliest. Some of them may die."

"There's one or two that looks to be pretty bad off," said a raw-boned youth, who hailed from Wisconsin.

"Yes," said the chief. "Therefore we can't risk any delay. Some one will have to take them through to Sivas. It's a rush job and a night drive over hills—and you fellows know what that means. Besides, there are the bandits. But if nothing happens they can be at the hospital before morning. Now—who wants to do it?"

There was no response for a moment. Then Sergeant Rouge grinned. "I do," he said.

And so it was arranged. A truck was emptied of its freight; blankets were collected, and soft bundles commandeered from passengers; and thus beds were prepared on which the injured might lie with a degree of comfort. Sergeant Rouge himself went over the motor and saw to it that the water-cans were filled, an extra quantity of gasoline obtained from the supply car, and spare tires from the trouble car.

When everybody was ready he took his seat and beckoned to George, the interpreter, to get in beside him. Much against his will George obeyed. The others crowded about him.

"Good luck, Rouge!" said the chief. "Don't stop to shave!" said somebody else, with rough humor. "Cut it!" drawled the youth from Wisconsin. "Nobody kids him any more while I'm around."

"Same here," said another. "He's all nerve, *that* baby!"

Sergeant Rouge grinned again, glanced over his shoulder to see that the injured were well bestowed, then shoved in his gear. "So long!" he said.

The car starting with hardly a jerk, gathered speed and ground its way up the grade in a storm of dust.

They went then (said George) up one hill and down another, mile upon mile, with never a sight of other travelers on the road, or of trees, or of human habitations; but occasionally they saw men on horseback watching them from the heights

above, and once, as they whirled around a turn, they observed, ahead of them four men spurring their horses desperately along the bare rocky slope at their left in an effort to intercept them. At this Sergeant Rouge laughed, and at the sound (or so it seemed to George, who could not drive a car, and so had neglected to notice the movement of his foot) the big truck leaped forward and went thundering along the road at a speed that made the wind whistle in their ears. Sergeant Rouge had long ago removed his cap and rammed it down behind the seat, with his coat, and was driving with sleeves rolled up and head bare; his red hair, as George related it, stood up like a fiery torch waving in the breeze. Thus it probably appeared to the four horsemen, who jerked their horses to a halt and brandished their arms angrily as the truck shot by them, a bare but unattainable hundred yards away.

The succeeding hills were higher and harder to climb, until at last they came out on the crest of a wind-swept ridge stripped bare of every scrap of vegetation, where the white, deserted road wound among boulders, some small and others large; and as by this time the sun had set and the short twilight of the mountains was over the land, the larger boulders resembled men waiting by the road—men whose outlines were shadowy and vague, who seemed to start up and move as the truck raced past them.

The darkness enveloped them while still they were speeding along the ridge, and on this account the lights, when Sergeant Rouge turned them on, shot across the brink of the range and disappeared in the enormous void of the night beyond.

Where the road leaves the right to descend to the floor of the canyon that leads out by way of Hassan Chelebi there is a mighty grade that has earned for itself the name of "The Big Hill," in the language of the men who run the risks of the Harpoot trail. To ascend it is the work of half a day for the convoy, the trucks proceeding one at a time on signals from above, and assisted by a crew of helpers, who, especially where the road turns sharply on a narrow ledge, must dig their toes in deeply and shove prodigiously to keep them from going over the edge, to be smashed to smithereens on the rocks some hundreds of feet below. To descend it, even in the daytime, is equally a matter of touch and go. At night, of course, it is far more hazardous.

They went down this hill as if it had been a trifling mound with a straightaway beyond, instead of a short, twisting approach to a narrow bridge. The big headlights danced on and off the road, alternating between the bare, dusty ground just in front of them and the floor of the canyon, a fearful distance down. Around them it was pitch dark; the deep canyon w:

filled to the brim with blackness, and through this blackness the light stabbed clear to the bottom, revealing, as through a long tube, the tiny stream there and the toy bridge by which it was spanned. The sight made George's head swim with horror; the shaft of light was so nearly perpendicular, each time it lifted from the foreground and darted to the stream beneath, that they seemed to be directly overhanging the little bridge. Whenever the wheels struck an irregularity in the road, raising the truck, he had the impression that they had lost contact with the solid earth and were falling. He cried out with relief when they slowed, as slow they did, even though he knew it was only to turn on the ledge, the most perilous point of the whole descent. Here, in a breathless stillness, the hum of the motor having stopped, the bare-headed, bare-armed youth at his side eased the heavy, creaking truck around, inch by inch, with the outer wheel in front on the very edge of the bank; then, with a perfection of skill, coaxed it again into the road that led downward in a succession of short plunges. At times the light was off the road completely, either playing on the stream below or tracing fantastic patterns on the rocky slope across the canyon, and they were dropping down the hill in utter darkness.

They reached the bottom; the motor caught with a roar and lifted them over the bridge; then, turning into the road that in places wormed itself half under the lofty cliffs as if trying to escape from its narrow prison, they sped toward Hassan Chelebi.

Between fear and excitement, George was in a constant shivering. The danger and the darkness frightened him. But the thought of the errand on which they were bound, the knowledge that they were rushing through the night on a mission of mercy, thrilled him. So, too, did the dash and daring, the cool unconcern of his companion. There were times when he completely forgot his anxieties in admiration for the boy who could risk his life for others with such indifference to his own fate. It amazed and captivated him.

At the village, on the spot by the little stream where it was the custom of the convoy to spend the night, they stopped and took on water, and filled the tank with fuel, and Sergeant Rouge looked to the comfort of his passengers, having nearly a hundred miles still to go. Then along the rough street they hurried with a great rattling and rumbling, the lights revealing stone walls and huts on either side, and the doorways crowded with veiled women and ragged children, drawn from their evening fires to learn the cause of the commotion and speculate as to the reason for such unseemly haste.



Drawn by G. K. Hartwell.

*The charging truck, the * * * dazzling lights, the thunder of wheels, and the harrowing scream of the horn, were more than the horses could stand.*

Down an empty valley, where the dust lay thick on the road and spurted aside under the heavy tread of the truck, as the sea parts under the feet of a racing ship; over a sullen hill and then to a high plateau, where the night wind was cold and the stars seemed strangely near—down valleys and over hills, endless and innumerable, with no light of camp-fire or cottage to cheer them with companionship—they went on and on.

And then came the moment when, as they reached the top of a low rise, their headlights struck full upon three bandits drawn up on horseback across the road before them.

In the instant that they were revealed, the men raised their rifles with grim swiftness. At the same time the horses, shrinking from the blinding glare, began to stir restlessly. Their riders angrily jerked them back into line. George watched with the fascination of terror. The scene, he said, would never leave his mind. The three fierce-looking men, their chests crossed with cartridge-belts; the anger on their evil faces; the trembling horses; the black, ugly rifles—

He knew well that the bandits on the roads in Turkey are a cruel lot of men, who kill where there is no need of killing. The rifles even then were covering the truck. In a second they would crack. Panic seized him. He clutched at Sergeant Rouge, his fingers gripping his shoulder despairingly.

"Stop!" he gasped.

But * * *

"Stop—hell!" said Sergeant Rouge violently.

He reached forward, and at once the heavy truck, like a mammoth unchained, leaped at the horses, which promptly reared. To further enliven them, he grasped the plunger of the horn and jammed it down—again and again. The shriek that went up from the tortured device, on the silence of the empty night, was an ear-splitting crescendo of discord. The charging truck, the powerful, dazzling lights, the thunder of wheels, and the harrowing scream of the horn, were more than the horses could stand. The one in the centre bolted, crashed into its neighbor on the right, and together they went floundering off into the darkness; the third as quickly wheeled and sprang out of the road.

The truck tore on, lurching and swaying. A spiteful bullet slapped the back of the seat. Then something, with a snap that made his fingers sting, thudded close beside George's hand, still clutching his companion's shoulder, forcing him to take it away and nurse it until the pain subsided. * * *

It seemed to George that thereafter Sergeant Rouge drove even more daringly than before, crowding the truck up the hills, one after another, and letting it coast almost unchecked

down every grade, so that it appeared to be running wild, and threatening each moment to plunge to the bottom of the black space beneath them; and, further, that he grew tired toward the end. For sometimes the truck would swerve dangerously, and it would take all his skill and strength to hold it in the road; and on several occasions they narrowly missed the curves toward which they were racing, because he was a shade too slow with the wheel. But he never for a moment slackened speed.

They came noisily through the gate of the compound at Sivas (which the gatekeeper, roused by the thunder of their approach, had made haste to open), and halted in front of the hospital. The night staff began to remove the injured passengers, while messengers were sent to summon the doctors. One way or another, most of the people in the houses of the compound were awakened, so that there quickly gathered a group of men and women in a variety of attire. Among them was the housekeeper of the station.

It was her voice that presently was heard demanding: "Where is the boy who brought them in?"

The question was not answered until George, recalling that he had seen nothing of Sergeant Rouge since their arrival, thought to look in the driver's seat, which, being in the dark, had escaped notice. There he found him, in a faint. They lifted him out and carried him indoors, where the light revealed his sleeve red with blood, and his face very pale beneath the dust that covered it.

When he opened his eyes it was to find the housekeeper bending over him, while behind her were the other members of the station.

His lips parted in a familiar grin. "Did I make it?" he inquired hoarsely.

"That you did," said the housekeeper emphatically. "And you were very brave to come through so much danger. You saved——"

"And I got in by twelve o'clock?"

"Why," said the housekeeper, "I think—yes," she added definitely, glancing at the watch on her wrist. "But what——"

"I'm glad of that," said Sergeant Rouge. "It was what I tried to do. But I guess you're wrong about the danger and me being brave. There was nothing like that in it at all. No, ma'am."

He gave a little chuckle. Then he added:

"I was just wanting a bed and that bite to eat you spoke of. That was all. You see, I don't take much to the life on the road. It's too wild for me. Why, say, I'm so darned tame now a spice of danger would scare me cold."

A Summary of "Mormonism"

Its Philosophical Basis

By James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve

Articles dealing with the theology of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, were published through the columns of great and influential journals of the country at weekly intervals during a period of three years. This writing was No. 156 of the series, and was presented as a concise summary of the principal fundamentals upon which rest the distinguishing doctrines of miscalled "Mormonism."

Such of these articles as appeared during the first two years of the publication period were issued in book form by The Gorham Press, Boston, Mass., under the general title, *The Vitality of "Mormonism."* From the prefatory introduction to the volume, the following is reproduced:

The message of "Mormonism" is of summoning interest in the world today. People of serious mind are not satisfied with the unsupported generalization that it is naught but the outgrowth of delusion and error.

Fungi of fallacy, particularly in the field of modern religious systems, are of no such sturdy growth and wholesome fruitage as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has progressively manifested.

"Mormonism," misnamed though it be, stands for the principles of eternal truth as enunciated by our Lord Jesus Christ, and by his duly commissioned Apostles and Prophets. The basis of "Mormonism" is fairly summarized in the following outline of facts and premises:

1. The eternal existence of a living, personal God; and the preexistence and eternal duration of mankind as his literal offspring.

2. The placing of man upon the earth as an embodied spirit to undergo the experiences of an intermediate probation.

3. The transgression and fall of the first parents of the race, by which man became mortal, or in other words was doomed to suffer a separation of spirit and body through death.

4. The absolute need of a Redeemer, empowered to overcome death and thereby provide for a reunion of the spirits and bodies of mankind through a material resurrection from death to immortality.

5. The providing of a definite plan of salvation, by obe-

dience to which man may obtain remission of his sins, and be enabled to advance by effort and righteous achievement through-out eternity.

6. The establishment of the Church of Jesus Christ in the "meridian of time," by the personal ministry and atoning death of the foreordained Redeemer and Savior of mankind, and the proclamation of his saving gospel through the ministry of the Holy Priesthood during the apostolic period and for a season thereafter.

7. The general "falling away" from the gospel of Jesus Christ, by which the world degenerated into a state of apostasy, and the Holy Priesthood ceased to be operative in the organization of sects and churches designed and effected by the authority of man.

8. The restoration of the gospel in the current age, and the reestablishment of the Church of Jesus Christ by the bestowal of the Holy Priesthood through Divine revelation.

9. The appointed mission of the restored Church of Jesus Christ to preach the gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof amongst all nations, in preparation for the near advent of our Savior Jesus Christ, who shall reign on earth as Lord and King.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, claiming to be all that its name expresses or logically implies, holds that its special mission in the world is to officiate in the authority of the Holy Priesthood by proclaiming the gospel and administering in the ordinances thereof amongst all nations, and this in preparation for the approaching advent of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Besides its missionary labor among the living, the Church, true to the commission laid upon it by Divine investiture, is continuously engaged in vicarious service for the dead, administering the ordinances of salvation to the living in behalf of their departed progenitors. Largely for this purpose the Church constructs Temples, and maintains therein the requisite ministry in behalf of the dead.

In the carrying out of the work committed to it, the Church is tolerant of all sects and parties, claiming for itself no right or privilege which it would deny to individuals or other organizations. It affirms itself to be *The Church of old*, established anew. Its message to the world is that of peace and good will—the invitation to come and partake of the blessings incident to the new and everlasting covenant between God and his children. Its warning voice is heard in all lands and climes: "*Repent ye! Repent! for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.*"



JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH

Church Historian; born Salt Lake City, July 19, 1876; baptized July 19, 1884; ordained an apostle, April 7, 1910; appointed Church Historian and General Church Recorder, March 17, 1921, and sustained in this office, April 6, 1921, by the General Conference.



ELDER JOHN A. WIDTSOE

Ordained a member of the Council of Twelve March 17, and sustained as a member of the quorum by the General Conference, April 6, 1921. Born January 31, 1872, on the island of Froen, Norway; baptized, April 3, 1884, in which year he emigrated to Utah. He was Director of the Utah Experiment Station, 1900-05; director of the Department of Agriculture in the Brigham Young University, 1905-07; President of the Utah Agricultural College, 1907-16, and President of the University of Utah, 1916-21. He is the author of many books, scientific and religious.

Vital Problems of Life

A Study for the Advanced Senior Classes of the M. I. A.,
(1920-21.)

By Dr. George H. Brimhall

Lesson XXIII.—*Why Have a Church?*

I. Have a church because the organized is greater than the unorganized:

The tiny plant as an organism, in the crevice of the mountain cleft, is destined to triumph over the adamant rock. An organized group of men will put to rout many times their number of equally armed individuals in mob form. Isolated accumulations of wealth must give way before corporate capital. The unfitted parts of machinery are little more than junk, they are in no condition for the application of power; but when co-ordinately assembled, they respond with an activity almost akin to life itself. Organized industry is showing its fitness to survive and supersede other forms of production.

II. Have a church because the church is an institution, and the individual can do more, and have more done for him, in an institution than he can out of it:

Governments are institutions through which an individual may have more freedom than he can have without the government. It makes possible the exchange of personal privileges not in conflict with public welfare.

No one would argue that intellectual development could be brought about as well without schools as with schools, and as we have already accepted the necessity for being religious, because man has spiritual capacity through the exercise of which his field of enjoyment is enlarged beyond the bound of any other field of happiness, we naturally look for the most effective instrumentalities of spiritual development, and it would seem inconsistent to seek the highest means of development in all other directions and leave spiritual growth without the advantage of institutional, spiritual life.

Doctrines are to a church what principles are to governments. Ordinances are to a church what official authorizations, oaths of witnesses, signatures to treaties and contracts, are to

governments. Ceremonies enter into the life of both church and state.

III. Have a church because the church is, and always has been, a part of the best civilization:

We have religions without churches in the lowest grades of society, but not in the higher. There may be high grade civilizations that do not belong to churches, but there are no high grade civilizations without churches.

France banished the church and found herself rotating to ruin under the reign of the Goddess of Reason, to avoid which calamity, she reestablished religion as a stabilizing force in the state.

IV. Have a church because the ideal organizer, the founder of Christianity, provided for the establishment of a church with ordinances during his mortal existence on the Eastern continent; (Luke 6:13; Luke 10:1-17); and on the Western continent after the resurrection (III Nephi, 18 to 27 inclusive).

V. Have a church because the apostles of Christ, who were with him, perpetuated church organization. (Luke 6:13. Acts 14:23; Acts 6:7; I Timothy 3:10; Acts 13:1; I Timothy 3:10.)

VI. Have a church because it provides for an expressed need in our democracy:

A vast majority of American citizenry are members of churches. Church membership and great leadership have never been divorced in the United States.

VII. Have a church because people who have joined churches universally testify that church membership contributes to their happiness:

A man without a church is religiously what a man without a country is patriotically.

Questions and Problems

1. Illustrate how the organized is superior to the unorganized.
2. Show how institutions are a means for extending liberty.
3. At what point will a wise man exchange a personal right for institutional privileges? Illustrate.
4. When will a just man yield a personal right?
5. In what grades of society do we find an absence of churches?
6. State briefly the story of the Reign of Reason in France, established during the French Revolution.
7. Why is the saying, "one can get as much salvation without a church as with one" akin to saying, "one can have as much safety without a government as he can with one," or, "one can become as well educated without a school as he can with one?"

8. Discuss the possibility of the man without a church being out of step with the advance of civilization.

9. Discuss this problem: If a man's opinion is of value only to the extent of his knowledge, what is the value of the opinion of a non-church man concerning the value of a church?

10. Who originated the office of apostles, and the council of twelve apostles, as a part of the church organization? Quote scripture in proof.

11. Give a quotation to prove the existence of a church organization under the direction of the apostles of Christ.

12. Prove by scripture that the following named officers were a part of the primitive church organization: apostles, seventies, elders, bishops, priests, teachers, and deacons.

13. Wherein does a person not believe in Christ who objects to having a church?

Lesson XXIV.—Why Choose the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints?

- I. Choose the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints because it is founded on the rock of direct revelation of God to man, the rock upon which Christ said he would build his Church. (Matt. 16:13-18.)*

The idea that proved a key for the opening of the heavens was obtained by the founder of the Church, Joseph Smith, from reading the guiding words of an ancient evangelist concerning obtaining personal acquaintance with God. (James 1:5.)

This faith experiment, supplemented by inspiration, brought the investigator into the very presence of God the Eternal Father and his Son, Jesus Christ. (Pearl of Great Price, pages 81-87.)

Joseph knew for himself, and so in a degree does every convert to the Church, know for himself, concerning the divine power that brought the Church into existence and is preserving it in the performance of its mission. It is a truth that permeates his whole soul and abides with him to the end.

The faithful adherent to the Church can always say, "I know that there is a God, that Jesus is the Savior, and that this is his Church." It is this individual testimony that makes one's standing in the Church firm and rocklike.

- II. Choose this Church because it is under the inspired direction and divine authority restored by a resurrected messenger from heaven: John the Baptist (Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 13) and by the apostles, Peter, James, and John.*

- III. Choose this Church because of its democracy:*

As we have shown, every individual has access to divinity

for revelation and testimony concerning his own life, in harmony with the official authority of the Church and its doctrines and ordinances, and provision is made for every member to have a voice in the election of officers and the approval of the rules governing the Church.

Let all things be done by common consent. (Doc. and Cov. 25:22.)

Universal salvation is provided for in the third of its articles of faith: "We believe that, through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel."

IV. Choose this Church because of the rationality of its doctrines concerning rewards and punishments:

Rewards are given on a square deal basis. (Doctrine and Covenants, 1:10; 130:20, 21.)

Graded salvation is provided for. (Doctrine and Covenants, Section 76.)

Punishment ends where the necessity for it no longer exists. (Doctrine and Covenants, 19:4-15.)

V. Choose this Church because its doctrines answer the three great questions of the soul:

First, Whence came I? (Jeremiah 1:5.)

Second, Why am I here? (Pearl of Great Price, Book of Abraham, 3:25; Book of Mormon, 2 Nephi 2:25.)

Third, Where do I go? (Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 76.)

At this juncture read, recite or sing, "O my Father" which encompasses the cycle of life.

VI. Choose this Church because its organization is after the pattern of the primitive Church. (See references in last lesson.)

VII. Choose this Church because of its divinely given, consistent name. (Doctrine and Covenants, 115:4.)

Special References

Read also "The Spirit World," O. F. Whitney, February *Era*, 1921. "I Want my Family Forever," Joseph S. Peery, Feb. 1920, *Era*, page 304.

Questions and Problems

1. Give proof that this Church is founded on the rock upon which Jesus said he would found his Church.

2. Wherein does this Church possess the strength of a theocracy and the freedom of a democracy?

3. What are the evidences of the genuineness of the divine authority in the Church?

4. Quote a passage of scripture in support of the doctrine of pre-existence?
5. Quote from the Book of Mormon the fundamental object of earth life.
6. What is meant by eternal punishment from a Latter-day Saint point of view?
7. Quote from Section 1:10 of the Doctrine and Covenants, to prove that our treatment of our fellow men will condition our rewards from God.
8. Correlate this quotation from the Doctrine and Covenants with Matthew 18:23-35.
9. Discuss this as a doctrine of the Church: As you expect the Lord to treat you, so treat your fellow men.
10. Which stanza of "O, my Father" covers the period of one's existence between death and the resurrection?
11. Show that without a graded salvation God must be partial, a respecter of persons.
12. Wherein is the organization of this Church a duplicate of that of the primitive Church?
13. Name the heavenly messengers who aided in preparing for and in the building up of this Church. (Doctrine and Covenants, 27:12; Doctrine and Covenants, 128:20, 21.)
14. What is the official name of this Church, and who gave it that name?

Lesson XXV.—Why Choose the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Continued)

VIII. Choose this Church because of its progressiveness:

Eternal progress is one of the fundamental doctrines of the Church. (See ninth article of faith which provides for progressive revelation.)

It has a prominent place in Church literature. One of the best known church hymns contains the lines:

"Thus on to eternal perfection
The honest and faithful will go."

It predicates salvation on knowledge, declaring "that a man is saved no faster than he gets knowledge." (Compendium, Gems, page 274. Doctrine and Covenants, 130:18-19.)

It makes intelligence the basis of exaltation by declaring that the glory of God is intelligence. (Doctrine and Covenants 93:36; Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 3:23.)

It commands study, it demands teaching. (Doc. and Cov. 88:78, 79.)

From a material point of view, the pioneer membership of this Church has passed from the prairie schooner, the tent, the dugout, the log cabin, into the comfortable cottage and palatial residences. Their public buildings have merged from the willow-bowery into edifices of granite with marble trimmings.

IX. Choose this Church because it is a temple-building Church:

Temples are citadels of peace. In the Church, they are

instruments for the linking of the entire human family in bonds of love. Through the ordinances performed therein, the heroism of mankind is accentuated by an expression of an interest in the happiness of the living, the unborn, and the dead.

X. Choose this Church because it fulfils prophecy:

It was in the mind of God for ages long past. A new scripture was promised by the ancient prophets, a history of God's dealing with a people other than the Jews. (Ezekiel 37:15, 22; Book of Mormon, II Nephi, 3:7.) The stick of Ephraim in the Bible, and the book spoken of in Isaiah 29:10-12, are the same book, the Book of Mormon.

The Book of Mormon has not only been a fulfiller of ancient prophecy in its coming forth, "truth springing out of the earth," (Psalms 85:11 but it is today fulfilling modern prophecy by being distributed among the inhabitants of the earth, and its truth and its contents being accepted according to prophecy.

The American Indians, "through the gentiles being their nursing fathers and their nursing mothers," in teaching them to read, are being brought to the knowledge of their forefathers, by means of this volume which was written by the direction of the Lord, on metal plates, by an ancient Nephite historian. These plates were kept under the guardianship of the angel Moroni, for over a thousand years, and delivered to the Prophet Joseph by this resurrected being, and translated by Joseph the Seer, its divine authenticity attested by unimpeachable human evidence. This new scripture, agreeing with the stick of Judah, the Bible, to the confounding of false doctrines, is the Book of Mormon. (Doctrine and Covenants 3:16-20.)

That the God of heaven not only had in mind the coming forth of this work, but he especially prepared a great dispensator, or earthly founder of the Church, who was not only a seer but a choice seer. (Book of Mormon, II Nephi 3:6-16.)

Not only the bringing forth of the Church, but the care, development, and prosperity of it were planned or predestined by the God of heaven.

The history of the Church is a history of the fulfilment of prophecy ancient and modern. (See Isaiah 29:10-12 and page 54 and page 57 of *Prophecies of Joseph Smith and their Fulfilment*, Nephi L. Morris.)

XI. Choose this Church because of its superior system of finance:

Idleness is denounced and beggary unknown in this Church. (Doc. and Cov. 75:29.) The worthy poor are provided for. The monthly fast day offering is health to the donors and help to

the poor. The tithes, which are a free agency income tax, make possible a parallelism of individual and community prosperity.

XII. Choose this Church because of its vitality:

This Church has survived the combined efforts of all other churches to crush it. It has endured mobbing and drivings. In the face of a world-wide opposition, it has carried the gospel around the globe, has succeeded in gathering the honest in heart from the four quarters of the earth. It has grown in membership from six to half a million. It has removed mountains of prejudice, and today it is recognized as a power for good by those who once spurned it as an instrument of evil.

The evidence of its fitness to survive may be judged from the following statistics taken from the *Vitality of Mormonism*, a pamphlet by James E. Talmage of the Council of the Twelve:

"A community whose vital statistics tell of prolonged life, high birth and low death rates, high marriage rate, few divorces, and general material prosperity. I present to you a few comparisons of data obtained from the Presiding Bishopric of the Church, showing the condition of Latter-day Saints in the organized stakes of Zion, for the six-year period ending with the year 1915, as contrasted with the latest reports for such States of the Union as maintain statistical bureaus and are classed in official reports as the registration area.

	Among the Latter-day Saints resident in the Stakes	In the country at large so far as reported.
Birth rate per 1,000.....	39	25
Death rate per 1,000.....	8.7	14.1
Marriage rate per 1,000.....	16	13
Divorces per 10,000.....	4	10
Average age at death.....	38	32

The statistics of infant mortality are strikingly significant. Deaths from all causes among children under one year of age averaged for the three years ending with 1915 fewer than 59 per thousand births in "Mormon" families, while the latest report from the United States registration area shows 249 deaths per thousand. Deaths of children under five years of age, including those who die under one year, separately reported, average 82 per thousand births among "Mormons" and 349 for the country at large.

One of the certified causes of death in which "Mormons" lead the country is old age. In Latter-day Saint communities the families owning their own homes constitute 75 per cent of the whole number of families. Think what this means—the absence of rent-collector or landlord, whose shadow too often converts the home into a dreary house.

XIII. Choose this Church because of the safety of its governmental powers:

Oppression is impossible, because the oppression is doomed by the doctrines of the Church. (Doc. and Cov. 121:34-46.)

Anarchy is unthought of. (Compendium page 270.)

XIV. Choose this Church because those who have left it yearn to re-enter.

Read Oliver Cowdery's confession.

OLIVER COWDERY'S CONFESSION

(Given at a Conference at Kanessville, Iowa, October 24, 1848)

See *History of the Church*, Vol. 3, pp. 17-18, for charges against Cowdery.

Friends and Brethren:—My name is Cowdery—Oliver Cowdery. In the history of the Church, I stood identified with her, and was one in her councils. Not because I was better than other men was I called to fill the purposes of God. He called me to a high and holy calling. I wrote with my own pen the entire Book of Mormon, (save a few pages) as it fell from the lips of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and he translated it by the power and gift of God, by means of the Urim and Thummim, or as it is called by that book, "The Holy Interpreters."

I beheld with my eyes and handled with my hands, the gold plates from which it was translated. I also saw with my eyes and handled with my hands "The Holy Interpreters." That book is true, Sydney Rigdon did not write it; Mr. Spaulding did not write it; I wrote it myself, as it fell from the lips of the prophet. It contains the Everlasting Gospel, to preach to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. It contains principles of salvation, and if you, my hearers, will walk by its light, and obey its precepts, you will be saved with an everlasting salvation in the Kingdom of God.

I was present with Joseph Smith when an holy angel from heaven came down and conferred upon us, or restored, the Aaronic Priesthood, and said to us, at the same time, that it should remain on earth while the earth stands. I was also present with Joseph when the Higher, or Melchizedek Priesthood was conferred by holy angels from on high. This Priesthood we then conferred upon each other by the will and commandment of God. This Priesthood, as was then declared, was also to remain upon the earth until the last remnant of time.

Brethren, for a number of years, I have been separated from you. I now desire to come back. I wish to come humbly and to be one in your midst. I seek no station. I only wish to be identified with you. I am out of the Church, but I wish to become a member. I wish to come in at the door; I know the door. I have not come here to seek precedence. I come humbly, and throw myself upon the decision of this body, knowing, as I do, that its decisions are right.—*Oliver Cowdery.*

Questions and Problems

1. In the light of Doctrine and Covenants 132:20 discuss this saying: "What God is, man may become?"
2. What hymn echoes the doctrine of eternal progression?
3. Discuss the proposition: Temples are citadels of peace.
4. Wherein have temple marriages proven to be superior to those performed without the temple?
5. Name two prophecies that the Church has fulfilled.
6. Prove that the Book of Mormon has fulfilled prophecy.
7. How does the fast day system provide for health to the giver and help to the receiver?
8. Wherein is tithing a superior form of institutional revenue?
9. A railroad magnate, seeing the wonderful working of the Church organization, duplicated it in his business. It failed to work. Why?
10. Wherein is temple building related to home owning?
11. Quote the vital statistics given in this lesson.
12. Show that the Church has safeguards against mis-rule and lawlessness.
13. How does Oliver Cowdery's confession affect you?
14. Add other reasons than these for choosing this Church.

Mother

I'm Wondering, Mother

I'm wondering, Mother, often in the twilight bourn
If you and Dad had dreams once such as I.
I'm wondering, when I gaze on skies, or child, or flower,
What more there is to Life than—live! and die!

I'm wondering, Mother, of your dream-home long ago,
And if you think your dreams you've realized.
I'm wondering also if I've done my part to show
Appreciation for the pains you've exercised.

A half a century you have walked this silent sod,
For fifty years you've known the joys, the ills,
Now, Mother mine, and Dad o' mine, these paths I trod
Are those you've trodden, up and down the hills.

Are there no sign posts on the scaling, treacherous way?
Are there no wilds where one may lose the trail?
Ah, yes, for many times to me I've heard you say,
"Son, here's a lesson, note it ere you fail."

So, for this, Mother mine, and Dad, I'm musing here,
Thinking of all the good—nay, only part—
That you have done for me through year, and year, and year,
And like a bubbling spring it fills my heart.

I'm wondering, Mother, often in the twilight hour,
If you and Dad had dreams once such as I.
I'm wondering when I gaze on skies, or child, or flower,
What more there is to Life than—live! and die!

Ora H. Barlow.

Laie, Oahu, Hawaii.

What "Mother" Means to Me

As I sat one quiet evening in the big oak easy-chair
And heard my mother's soft "good night," through the peaceful summer air,
I turned life's pages backward to memory's earliest hours,
And felt her dear, sweet presence in my journey through the years.

Still further back, in fancy, I could see her youthful form
Coming through the village churchyard, with my father—arm in arm.
And in their early wedded life,—how happy they were, then,
When children blessed their union—in all, we numbered ten.

Then another thought came o'er me, one that filled my soul with awe,
And of her hallowed motherhood, a vision then I saw.
I marveled at the courage of the beautiful, young wife,
For she braved the very gates of death to give us life.

Slowly, then, the fancy faded, and memory took its place,
And, in answer to the merry smiles upon her happy face,
I could see my little sisters laughing in their childish glee,
And knew that in my baby days "she" had played those games with me.

In childhood's little sorrows—you all have known the same,
When you had tried your very best but still had lost the game—
Well, these, with youth's ambitious dreams, to her I would confide,
And never did I fail to find sweet solace at her side.

When father answered Jesus' call and passed beyond the veil,
For many days, her dear, sweet face was very wan and pale.
Though the parting was a sad one, and her soul with grief was rife,
She took up the gage of battle to guide us all through life.

Those troubled days are over now, and mother's young again,
And she and I are the same good pals that we have always been.
Through the dim and distant future, though I may travel far,
My sainted mother's memory will be my guiding star.

My friend, you have a mother, quite as loving as is mine,
And, if in heaven's azure sky your transcendent star would shine;
Oh, if in life's long journey, real pleasure you would take,
Get acquainted with that mother and live true for her dear sake.

I know she'll always love you as long as life remains,
And with her in God's great Kingdom a home you'll surely gain.
Make every day a "*Mother's Day*," until the journey's end,
For Mother dear, God bless her, is everyone's best friend.
Los Angeles, Calif. *Alonzo West.*

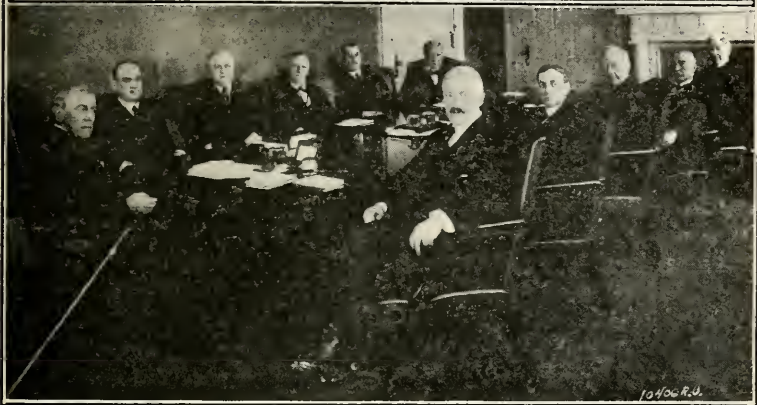
A Toast

There is a word in our English tongue
That means more than any other,
It represents loyalty, truth and love,
'Tis the dear old name of Mother.
So here's to the eyes that are faded,
And here's to the hair that is gray—
For the ones who are worth the honors of earth,
Are the mothers of every day.

—*Suzanne McKelvy.*

Mother and Son

There is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to her son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity, and if misfortune overtake him, he will be all the dearer to her; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him, and if all the world cast him off, she will be all the world to him.—*Royal Path of Life.*



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THE NEW AND THE OLD PRESIDENTS AND CABINETS

Top: First Photo of Harding's Cabinet in formal session, shows President Harding and Vice-president Coolidge surrounded by the Cabinet in its first formal meeting in the Cabinet Room of the White House. At the left end of the long council table is President Warren Gamaliel Harding; at the right, Vice-president Calvin Coolidge. Rear of table, left to right: Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon, Attorney General Harry Daugherty, Secretary of the Navy Edwin Denby, Secretary of Agriculture Henry Cantwell Wallace, Secretary of Labor James J. Davis. Front of table, left to right: Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes, Secretary of War John Wingate Weeks, Postmaster General Will Hays, Secretary of the Interior Albert Bacon Fall, and Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover.

Bottom: The first and only photograph of President Wilson and his cabinet taken during their final term. Seated at the head of the table at the left is the President, Woodrow Wilson. In the front row, left to right are Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby; Secretary of War Newton D. Baker; Postmaster General Albert S. Burleson; Secretary of the Interior John B. Payne, and Secretary of Commerce Joshua W. Alexander. Back row: Secretary of the Treasury David F. Houston; Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer; Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels; Secretary of Agriculture Edwin T. Meredith, and Secretary of Labor, William B. Wilson.

Tithing Propositions

By the Stake Presidency and High Council of the Blackfoot Stake

1. The mental and physical endowments that one has constitute his capital, and all that they produce is interest, and this interest should be tithed.

2. The tenth of one's interest, annually, is the tithe.

3. Gross income and net income should be distinguished from each other.

4. It is the net income that is one's interest, and this should be tithed, but in computing one's net income, no deduction nor allowance should be made for one's personal labor or the support of himself and family.

5. Where one employs other labor than his own, the net returns from such employed labor is income, and this income should be tithed.

6. Where one makes financial investments, the necessary expenses incurred in taking care of such investments should be deducted from the gross returns and the balance, which would be the net returns, should be tithed.

7. *Illustration.* If one purchases a building and then rents the same, he is allowed to keep the building in proper repair and pay all taxes due upon it. The balance of his income from the building would be his net income from it, and such net income should be tithed. Should he decide to add improvements to the building, such improvements should be paid for with money that has been tithed.

8. Where one makes an investment with borrowed money, upon which he pays interest, the net returns from such investment after deducting the interest which he pays upon the money borrowed, should be tithed annually.

9. *Illustration.* If one purchases a farm for \$1,000 paying for the same with \$1,000 borrowed at, say 8 per cent interest annually, he first pays to the lender the sum of \$80 as interest and then pays tithing upon the balance of his income from the farm, less of course, the actual expenses paid for the running of the farm exclusive of his own labor. The one who loans the \$1,000 is the one who should pay tithing upon the \$80 interest.

10. Tithing is a complete settlement annually, and the losses from the one year cannot be carried over to apply upon the profits of the following year. The account is closed, completely, each year.

11. Where one does not make anything more than is neces-

sary to support himself and family during any one year, he owes tithing upon what it may cost to support himself and family that year.

12. One tenth of one's unemployed time belongs to the Lord as tithing.

13. It is proper to pay tithing in kind but in the case of produce, etc., it may be perfectly proper to pay cash instead. Where one pays tithing in kind upon the products of the orchard, the farm, live stock, etc., he should give to the Lord at least an average of that upon which he pays tithing. He certainly ought not to select the inferior for the Lord.

14. Tithing should be paid at such times as one's income is received, in order to be strictly honest with the Lord. It is a debt that is due and payable as one's income comes into his possession.

15. No matter how much one owes to his fellowmen, he owes more to the Lord than to any one else, and the Lord should be regarded and treated as the preferred creditor. The tenth of one's interest belongs to the Lord, and we have no right to use that tenth for our own purposes, but we should regard it as being sacred and pay it to the Lord. The nine-tenths remaining is ours to use in any way that may be proper; in the paying of our obligations to our fellowmen, the purchasing of a home, or for any other worthy cause. Every purchase one makes for the needs of himself and family should be paid for with money that has been tithed. The tithing is not ours to use.

16. In the payment of tithing it is not the amount, but the payment of the honest tenth of one's income, that counts whether the amount be large or small. It is not a question, either, of how much one's neighbor pays. Tithing is a debt of honor and its payment is an individual matter between the tithepayer and the Lord.

17. In figuring one's tithing it is always best to figure with the spirit of liberality, for if we figure with a niggardly spirit we are not possessed of the true spirit of the faithful tithepayer, and it is always best to figure too much rather than too little. Tithing should not be paid grudgingly but cheerfully and with a thankful heart. Abel sacrificed not only the first of his flock but the fat thereof. (Book of Moses 5:20.) This is the true spirit to possess.

Conclusion: The words of the Lord to Israel of old were: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." (Malachi 3:10.)

Sweet Evening Star

(For Ladies' Voices)

Words by MINNIE I. HODAPP.

Music by A. T. HENSON.

Andante.

1. O thou sub - lime, sweet eve - ning star, Let soft thy
2. For eyes that sparkle young and fair, For heads bent

p

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and the second has a bass clef. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with block chords and moving lines. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of the first staff and the second line of the second staff containing the lyrics. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is placed below the first staff.

8 va lower.

poco animato.

radiance beam a - far, And send thy chaste and
low with sil - v'ry hair, For young or old, for-

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It also consists of two staves. The lyrics continue from the first system. The tempo is marked *poco animato*.

mel - low light, On waves of peace this balm - y night;
lorn or gay, Shed forth thy ho - ly gleam, I pray.

The third system of music concludes the piece. It consists of two staves. The lyrics conclude with the final line. The tempo remains *poco animato*.

a tempo p *cres.*

Aye shed thy gleam to soothe and bless The weary
O, thou ser - ene, bright eve - ning star, Shed forth thy

f

and the com - fort - less, Thou, one brief moment
ra - diant beam a - far. O'er those who sleep, o'er

Rall.

p

can't be - guile Their tender yearning with a smile.
those who wake, Let fall thy smile, for hope's sweet sake.

In the Unguarded Moment

Oft in the unguarded moments of my soul
A demon stalks in front of me, in angel's form,
And offers me wealth, pleasure, saying, "Tis no harm
In seeking for these, for it is the goal
Of all existence to have joy." This dole
He covers up with false philosophy, as charm
To bring us firmer in his grasp, a trick to warm
Our evil lusts for passion, lucre. Pole
On pole he plants for us to climb. To toll
Our death he waits, to hear and give alarm
That we have served him. So, myself with prayer I arm
And thrust him out—the tempter of my soul.

Oahu, Hawaii.

Ora H. Barlow.

The Value Behind Common Things

By Felix J. Koch

Down Cincinnati way, the other evening, a tall, slightly bearded, rather quiet man, well past middle age, told, very, very modestly, the story of his success—big—stupendously big success—a story which should provide inspiration sufficient, not simply for the great roomful of young men and women gathered to hear him, but a whole world of young folk beside.

The man is known, the business world over, as the “adding machine king,” of not only the Western Hemisphere but pretty nearly the entire civilized globe. Today his concern maintains offices in 122 cities of the United States; in 32 over Canada; all over Europe and Australia. It has its products in use in Patagonia and among the Spitzbergen coal mines and on every civilized island of the seven seas.

The story told by the man was captioned: “Humble Things,”—it was the autobiography of his big success.

“At the age of nineteen,” he began, very quietly, for recollections of those early days are very tender with him, “I had never seen a newspaper. I was living among the Ozark Mountains in Arkansas. There was my mother, my step-father and eleven of us children. Things grew very hard with us. One day I resolved I should go forth and find a better way in the big outside world.

“I left.

“I carried all my possessions in a bandanna handkerchief and, burdened with this, I walked ninety miles to a town in Missouri. There I saw my first railway train. In that country town everyone stopped whatsoever they might be about to run down and see the train. I followed the custom and there came the locomotive! Then the passengers began pouring off. I stopped in my tracks to watch the great belching locomotive. I wondered why men should build so huge an engine as this.

“The engineer noticed me and thought he would frighten me. He let out the steam; rang the bell and blew the whistle.

“‘You’d better look out. I’m going to turn this around now,’ he called.

“I was badly frightened and ran. I ran to where I saw a smithy and I knew that the locomotive could not go into this, so I rushed into the blacksmith shop. Then I turned around. I could see the engineer and fireman laughing. Perhaps they had nothing else to do.

"Those men are still doing nothing but running that train!"

The speaker stopped a moment, then continued:

"Possibly that was not the real start of my little story.

"When my mother was left a widow with those eleven children she told us we should have to rely largely upon our cows. My two sisters and I were appointed to attend the milking and to make the butter and then sell such of this as we could spare, in order to make a living for all the rest.

"One crumply old cow, Mott, gave the richest milk, but she simply couldn't be milked, people said. When my sisters, with their soft hands tried to milk her, she would kick the bucket



To milk the cows



The place was a new village

over and run down the hill. Before very long the same people found she would stand for me!

"Why? I gave her something! I took a box from the granary; filled it with bran; gave it to her. The cow knew this and came to me. Mark you,—she came, because I gave her something!—The world is waiting for men and women to give it something. Give it something and it will stand for you.

"By and by I got a job, as they say out there, in a hardware store in that same little town of Donovan, Mo. The man who owned the store lives there now. I married his sister. He gave me \$12 a month; but I was proud of that job—just as proud as I am of the job I am holding today. I believe in being proud of one's job!

"The barber 'cross the street saw that I was a hayseed and he gathered the boys to play jokes on me. The first boy came to call for gimlet-grease. I looked all over the store but could not find any of this. Before I had a chance to ask my employer, another lad came in for a leather hand-saw. I found none of

these and hardly dared admit my stupidity. Then some one came in for some foofoo dust. There wasn't any of this.

"One of the men of the place, a splendid man, had come in meanwhile. He told me the boys were making sport of me; just playing tricks on me. I went to bed with tears in my eyes that night.

"From then until now I have never allowed any man in my employ to make sport of any young fellow who is doing his best;



Into the World

for I was doing my best. Perhaps it's because I did my best that I am here tonight.

"Next morning a butcher came in for a meat saw. I said:

"'You may think I'm a fool, but I'm not!'

"I wouldn't try to get what he wanted. He started to fight. The proprietor came in and set me right very quickly. I squared the thing with the butcher and the proprietor said:

"'You'd better get the catalogue and study it!'

"That night I took the old catalogue to bed with me. Beginning with adzes, I studied it, night in, night out. I took the man literally at his word. In six months I was the buyer for the store. At twelve months I was a partner. In eighteen months we started another store at Poplar Bluff, half and half. Then my partner failed at Donovan and I bought the other

store. We did \$765,000 worth of business in that store in one year. I own it and my son runs it.

"I mention this simply to impress the importance of knowing your business. There is far and away too great an amount of knowledge in this world for any one person to know it all.

"Recently I sat in an audience of 15,000 people who sat for two hours listening to a man tell of whippoorwills. It was the most wonderful talk I had ever heard. It was a wonder-sermon which he preached."

Emphasizing this need of specializing in one's field these days, then knowing all there is to know in that given field, the speaker told the story of the invention of the adding-machine for which he stands renowned.

It is the story of a man knowing that wheels turn wheels; that wheels will stop where a slide is drawn in such a way as to catch or halt their cogs. That, basically, is all there is to it,—another of these simple humble things.

The very start of the invention, the basic idea, he emphasizes as having been particularly humble.

"Back in the good old days, in those country towns," he closed, "it was customary to buy eggs at five cents a dozen. In fact, eggs were so cheap in those days that when some farmer's wife brought in the eggs to a country store to sell to the proprietor he did not take time to count them. Instead, he would rely on her honesty. He would have her count the eggs into his basket, and she counted—one, two, three and so on. Every twelfth egg she laid on the floor; then started over. By and by the grocer counted these twelfth eggs. So he knew the number of dozens.

"With the adding machine we do exactly the same thing; only we count by tens, instead of dozens. We use a small metal wheel with ten cogs. Just inside the rim of the wheel there is a small catch or fly. That marks the tenth; the desired number.

"Based squarely upon this—based upon the eggs on the grocery floor—in turn are the most complicated adding machines we are producing."

The speaker gave no inkling as to his own wealth, or that of his company, but it is confidently reported to total many millions. It's a far cry from those sums to eggs in a country grocery at a nickel a dozen, of course—but it serves to emphasize the lesson the narrator wished to make:

The value behind common, humble things!

Cincinnati, Ohio

Bluebirds

By Wm. Henry Peterson

Stories have been told about the millions of dollars lost each year by the cotton growers because of the ravages of the bollweevil. Statistics show the enormous money loss sustained by the grain growers, due to the destructive work of the cinch bug. It is claimed that the farmers of the Northern states are paying out sixteen to seventeen million dollars a year for paris green to put on their potatoes to kill off these bugs. Why is there such a great loss of money due to the destruction wrought by these pests? The reason is obvious. Millions of quails, prairie chickens, meadow larks and other birds in our country are being fast killed off by gunners who kill mainly for pleasure, seldom because of necessity.

Whenever one of these valuable birds is killed, there is unquestionably a money loss. There is another loss, however, that cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Like a kind act or a smile, its worth cannot be computed. This thought was brought forcibly to my mind last spring. One of the first days in March my little girl and boy came to me and asked if they might have a pair of doves.

"How would you like a pair of Bluebirds?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, yes, a pair of Bluebirds!" exclaimed Ruth.

Wayne looked scornfully from his sister to me and said, "you can't have Bluebirds in a cage!"

"Suppose we make a cage and try?" I suggested.

"Alright," said Wayne, "if we don't get the Bluebirds, you have to give us the doves."

I agreed, so we went to work on a bird house. The children helped. They asked as many questions as a wide-awake American in a foreign city. They wanted to know how I measured the boards, why the roof needed to slope, why I didn't use bigger nails so the house would be stronger, why I had to bore a hole, etc. I answered their questions as best I could, and I am convinced that my children developed faster mentally during the construction of that bird house than any other period of equal length before or since. In due time the little house was completed and placed in a plum tree just back of the house. Then the children wanted to go for the birds.

"We can't go for them," I began to explain.

"Give me the money for the doves," broke in Wayne. He was as skeptical about getting these Bluebirds as most boys are about getting a riding horse when papa says: "Well, maybe, we'll see, some day."

After explaining that the birds would soon return from the south, why they had been south, and what they were coming back for, the children agreed to wait and watch. They did watch, too. The first day or two they were constantly on the alert. But as no bird appeared they became somewhat despondent and began to doubt. The days passed by and the children gradually forgot more and more about the bird friends they had been so anxious to meet. I think they must have given up hope entirely.

One morning, I think it must have been Friday of the third week after we placed our bird house in the plum tree, while we were eating breakfast Wayne exclaimed, "Gee, here comes a Bluebird! two of them!" We went to the window and sure enough, there they were. They were advancing at intervals across the newly planted garden toward their new home. When they entered the home we prepared for them, the children clapped their hands and were so overjoyed they wanted to rush out of the house and up to the plum tree to get better acquainted with the welcome strangers. This I kept them from doing because I was afraid they would frighten the birds away.

After inspecting their newly found home, the birds must have decided to stay, because they began immediately to build a nest. The children watched them intently. As time passed, the children learned to love their birds, as they called them, and would not have exchanged them for any consideration. The first thing in the morning they would go to the window and whoever was the first to see one of the Bluebirds would exclaim: "I can see a Bluebird!"

One day we made a great discovery. How the children stretched their necks to see through the little door of the bird cot!

"Let us see, papa?" they said. "Lift us up."

The fact of the matter was that there were four baby Bluebirds in the nest.

That day, while we were eating supper, a large, hungry-looking, lean cat jumped up on the window sill. It was the one that had been left behind when the Hardy family moved away.

"Look at that cat!" exclaimed one of the children.

We looked. It was crouched upon the sill, ready to spring. Its glistening eyes were turned upward. Its tail waved ominously. A thought flashed through my mind which caused me

to start from my chair. As I did so the cat sprang upward. It came down with something in its mouth. I hurried out, followed by the excited children. We came out just in time to see the cat disappear around the corner of the house. We followed only to find that the wretch had killed one of our Bluebirds. I cannot find words to describe the children's sorrow. Not only the children, but my wife and I grieved very much to see one of the beautiful birds that had been the means of adding a little sunshine to our happy home, killed in this way. The tragedy of the bird cot did not end with the death of the first bird. Two days after, the second fledgling disappeared; and, in the bird home we had built with such fond anticipation, four little Bluebirds came to their death.

In the death of the bird family, my family suffered a loss that cannot be estimated in money. With the loss, however, came a great gain. The children's hearts were touched, and they learned to appreciate some of the beauties of nature, especially of bird life.

Manti, Utah.

The Moon and the River

Soft, glim'ring moonlight on the river falls,
 The waters widen as they flow,
 'Mid shadows dense, the night bird plaintive calls,
 And croons its song of love and woe.
 The sleeping world, in deep repose,
 Heeds not the song the night bird knows.



The shadows lengthen, as the river winds
 Are moving, like they, too, had life;
 The sobbing south wind seems no solace finds.
 As if the world were full of strife.
 Emotion thrills the river's song,
 Its wavelets gently float along.

The wind is wooing where the thick leaves meet,
 They kiss just as the moon peeps through;
 This tale of rapturous love is sweet,
 All hidden there is far from view.
 The laughing wind then roaming goes,
 But never tells the tale it knows.

The night, and moon's pale sheen, may come again,
 The river flows on forever,
 Still murmuring low its weird, unknown refrain--
 Is it a wail silenced never?
 Its moan when falling in the sea,
 Voiced ever through Eternity?

Lydia D. Alder

An Adjustment of Nature

By Wreno Bowers

As I toil through the pages of natural history I often wonder if I am not being deceived, and my thoughts struggle to set themselves right with science and with God's great out-of-doors. I have read many stories which portray animal life as a tragedy, and many scientific books which speak of it as a struggle for existence; but when I go to Mother Nature herself she has a very different story to tell. Mr. Kipling and a good many others have demonstrated the fact that animals can express themselves in English, and most scientific books on natural life are equally as bookish and thoughtless. Darwin, commonly quoted as an authority, took the whole idea of struggle from the economist Malthus, who knew nothing of nature, Malthus invented it, not as a theory of nature, but to show the vice and misery of humanity.

Nature herself seems to whisper the lesson as I walk through the budding woods on a spring morning. The early light gleams on the crimson crest of a woodpecker as he edges about, giving the tree trunk a rattling patter of taps with his surgical bill. A multitude of shore birds sweep up from the south, singing as they go. Everywhere are rejoicing sounds and riotous singing. All the brave flashing of wings and tail, all the mad dashing in and out among the thickets or soaring upward above the tree-tops, all the jubilant hammering and jeery sputtering seem to announce that gladness, light of foot and heart, has the everlasting lease of the wilderness.

So forget all such notions of struggle and tragedy here in the shady thickets and forest tangles, where the "tragedy" appears as a romantic invention and the "struggle" as a bookish theory. Natural life is from beginning to end a gladsome comedy. Everywhere is the full tide of life, the impulse of play, the spirit of happy adventure. The only time a real tragedy occurs is when some sportsman appears with his needless killing, or a scientist invents an absurd theory of natural struggle for existence, or a literary artist—with that marvelous creative faculty which enables him vividly to picture the unseen or to follow the unknown—creates a world-embracing tragedy out of a passing incident.

Mr. Seton says: "The life of a wild animal *always has a*

tragic end." But to go out-of-doors and look upon nature with unprejudiced eye is to learn that death is but a curtain let down on a play. Of the stage, from whence it came, and whither it has gone, we have no knowledge. But we all see plainly that every life, however great or small, must have its exit as well as its entrance. The quality of that life is to be judged not by either of its momentary extremes, but by the many happy days that lie between the beginning and end of that life.

I once witnessed the death of a red-squirrel, and it was utterly different from what I had imagined. The squirrel was demonstrating his rights to a fox that lay in the middle of a little open glade. He crossed from one tree to another, swearing and threatening in a fashion that would make one shudder at what might happen if a red-squirrel were half as big as his temper. But the old fox was up in natural history—she knew squirrel nature and took the case in hand when the proper time came.

The saucy, low-minded squirrel came nearer and nearer, sputtering like a lighted fuse, pouring down the wrath of squirrel heaven on all the tribe of fox. At last he came right overhead the fox to chatter:

"You brute you! You brute you! Zit-zit-zit!"

But the old fox lay as dead. This was extremely perplexing; so the squirrel came down the trunk and peeping about made a daring dash across the grass to another tree, again to warn the fox that she was trespassing.

"You brute you! You useless brute! Zit-zit-zit, scarr—scarrrrrr."

But still the fox lay flat and lifeless on the grass. This was most tantalizing to the hot-tempered squirrel. He was naturally curious and disposed to be venturesome, so again he came to the ground and skurried across the glade nearer than before. But the fox lay still as death.

Again the squirrel scolded from a safe perch. He used up his list of bad words, which he had yelled over and over again, without getting the desired result. So after a couple more nervous dashes across the glade he ventured within a few feet of the watchful fox. Then a swift jump, a sharp cry, and that was all.

This might appear as a tragic ending, perhaps, if you viewed it imaginatively from the side of the red-squirrel; but if you look at it imaginatively from the viewpoint of the fox—a hungry fox, with four woolly, innocent-looking little foxes to feed—who must take whatever good thing her Mother Nature offers to satisfy their hunger, perhaps it would appear differently. And if you look at it from the viewpoint of the squirrel alone, it is

unreasonable to form a judgment from the last event of life, ignoring all the happy days that went before. The squirrel did it all himself, through a little craze of foolhardy curiosity. He had threatened the empty air for several years, and he died in a minute. He had absolutely no conception of death—life was all that he knew—and any such thing as tragedy was to him unthinkable.

The trouble is, that in our modern view of nature we accept that to be scientific which is merely bookish and thoughtless, we are prone to let a passing incident of death obscure the entire vista of life. The accepted fashion today is to put yourself in the skin of Molly, the little cottontail of Olifant's swamp, running before the fox, and out of your own fears, your vivid imagination, your weak heart, and your ignorance of animal psychology, to fill the quiet woods with advancing struggle and tragedy.

If you will follow the beasts in their native wilds, keeping your eyes and your heart open, you will learn for yourself the immense, the unchanging cheerfulness of nature. You will also enter with the sympathy of understanding into the spirit of that play which runs on at all hours, day and night, in all unspoiled places.

Kamas, Utah

By the Lake

Oh, the joy of quiet retreat
By the margin of the lake;
Dainty ripples at your feet;
Golden cloud banks in the sky
Make the tired thoughts retreat,
While on the pleasant sands you lie.

And the heart is lighter there,
Glad and wild, and free from care.
There's a beauty, sweet, serene,
A charm from God's own hand
That only by the laughing lake is seen.

Come, listen, while the blackbird sings,
And hear the chattering jay,
And watch the skyline kiss the hills
All through the happy day.
There's rest and music by the lake;
Stern toiler, stop awhile, partake.

Ezra J. Poulsen.

Why Baptize for the Dead?

By Joseph S. Peery

Paul emphasizes this question in I Cor. 15: "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptized for the dead?"

Truly there are no dead. The Savior said, "I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." (Matt. 2:32.) This shows very clearly that these ancient worthies are living. So all are living in the spirit world who have passed their mortality in this earth life. The departed spirits move, think, act, accept, reject, and have their being, and are just as tangible to one another as we are here. They are sentient, intelligent beings. Having the intelligence that they had here, the gospel is preached unto them. Peter clearly states this: "For for this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit." (1 Peter 4:6.)

At the time the Prophet Joseph Smith lived, it was generally believed that when a man died his spirit immediately went either to heaven or hell, and that there was no hope beyond the grave. Joseph Smith preached the humane doctrine that there is hope beyond the grave, that the gospel is preached in the spirit world, and that the sinner some time through mental suffering can pay off his debt of wrong doing. True, the debt must be paid to the "uttermost farthing," but when justice is satisfied the prisoner is free. If such a condition of mercy were not so, why then did the Savior go and preach to the spirits in prison? (1 Peter 3:18, 19, 20.) The Bible says: God's "tender mercies are over all his work." (Ps. 145:9.) "His mercy endureth forever," (I Chron. 16:34) and that the Savior "gave himself a ransom for all," (I Tim. 2:6) not a ransom for just a few.

However, the spiritual domain is governed by law, and the law of Jehovah is, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." (John 3:5.) He cannot be baptized in water in the spirit world, for water is an element of this earth, but he can be baptized in our holy temples, the living for the dead. How glorious it is that we can do this work for our departed relatives, that they cannot perform themselves. When this beautiful temple work is per-

formed, the spirits of the departed have more happiness, greater freedom, can progress faster and farther and can accomplish much more for themselves, for others and for us here on earth.

They cannot be baptized in the spirit world, and they look longingly to us to do the temple work for them. Will we do this most important work, or will we go to the other side with the awful regret that we could have helped our friends but did not do so? Bishop George Romney used to ask: "What kind of a reception do you expect when you get to the other side? Will you have people there glad to meet you, or will they feel sorrowful with you that you did nothing for them?"

In section 128, Doctrine and Covenants, the Prophet Joseph Smith makes a strong appeal for temple work, in which he calls baptism for the dead the "most glorious of all subjects belonging to the everlasting gospel." A splendid privilege is ours, if we take it, and no Latter-day Saint can afford to neglect nor to postpone this great responsibility.

Baptism for the dead, like baptism for the living, is for two great purposes—remission of sins, and entrance into the Kingdom of God. There is only one door, one way to enter. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." (John 10:1.)

Temple Work

Just think!—Do you neglect temple work?—Our dead without us cannot be made perfect; neither can we without them reach perfection. The Prophet Joseph has said that the most important work we have is the salvation of our dead. Just think; No matter what other opportunities you have neglected, if you have been "baptized for the dead," you have become a "savior upon Mount Zion," and will receive the loving gratitude of your kindred in the world to come; yea, you have laid up for yourself "treasures in heaven" by obeying the call of the spirit of Elijah! Remember, that though your voice may reach hundreds in the flesh, yet your vicarious work in the Temple may influence the lives of thousands in the spirit.

The above was written by a brother who has spent much time tracing genealogies of ancestors. Let us heed the warning, and not shirk the responsibilities devolving upon us. Embrace the opportunities which God has blessed us with and receive the reward of everlasting joy.—*Oluff Peterson*, Genealogical Representative, Box Elder Stake.



The "Big Olla" in Cave Valley

By J. H. Martineau

This is a photo of "Big Olla," in a cave at Cave Valley which I snapped, January 12, 1919. A little incident occurred in connection with the "Big Olla," when first I saw it over thirty years ago, that I will never forget.

On my first visit to Cave Valley, as a young man, the boys living there took me to see the caves. After looking over the "Big Olla," I climbed up near the top on the right hand side, as shown in the photo, while John P. W. Bloombfield mounted the opposite side. With charcoal we wrote our names, and the date, "August 16, 1888." Never will I forget that date. John finished his writing before I completed mine and clambered down. Then the boys all started for home. While working there, I wondered what use had been made of this great vessel, whether used to store water or corn or other foodstuff. About half way down, there had been made a small hole, in either side, and through these a pole was thrust, affording the only entrance to or outlet from the interior. Before leaving, I determined to let myself down onto the pole, and from there to the floor, to explore a little, and to see what evidence I could find of its former contents. Crawling in at the top I dropped onto the pole. It promptly broke into several pieces, under my weight, and I was thereby fairly trapped.

The Olla, as you may judge, from the photo, is fully twelve feet tall, and about as wide, through the widest part. At the

bottom was a small rectangular hole, perhaps eight by ten inches, which was rather small, indeed, for a six-footer to crawl through. I tried to enlarge the aperture with a piece of the broken pole, but the material was very hard, and the walls were about eight inches thick; so, after a few minutes' futile endeavor, I cast about for other means of escape.

At length, after trying various plans, I raised my arms alongside my head and by a hard struggle finally succeeded in passing through that tiny door as far as my hips and there I stuck. Lengthening shadows told me the sun had set, and the thought of the prowling denizens of this wild forest, of which I had heard, was far from reassuring. Bears, lions and big, fierce timber wolves were plentiful in that section, and here I was waiting for them to come and eat me. I could neither go through to the front nor to the back, and was smarting from the tight squeeze that had scraped the hide from the sides of my body as I went through thus far. The realization of my plight caused me to make redoubled efforts at release.

I dug my toes into the dirt till I got a good hold; then pushing with all my might against the walls of my prison with my hands, by turning cornerwise I finally squeezed through. The tight pressure skinned my hips, and I surely felt bruised and sore, but, oh, so thankful to escape. I rejoined my companions in the little village some two miles distant. They had just missed me, and were thinking of hunting me up.

Since that day, the hand of the vandal has fallen heavily upon these ancient relics. Numerous holes now pierce the walls, and the tiny door, through which I escaped, has been enlarged, giving easy access to the interior. About half of the walls of the houses have been thrown down. Thousands of sight seers have visited these caves, and all available places are covered with names and dates. The walls of the houses show very interesting hieroglyphics in red and black, and have had quite a number of plasterings, at various dates, and most of these have been in turn covered with writings.

El Paso, Texas

"A thousand cases of cruelty can be prevented by Humane Education for every one that can be prevented by prosecution. Far better the fence at the top of the precipice than the ambulance at the bottom."—Geo. T. Angell.

"It costs far less," said Cavour, the great Italian statesman, *"to give good direction to a hundred boys than to repair the ills of a single man not having the benefits of education and instruction."*



Southland Sketches

By Charles F. Steele

"Uncle Remus"—Joel Chandler Harris

What lover of American literature has not read the tales of "Uncle Remus," that kind, loveable, old-fashioned character created and immortalized by Joel Chandler Harris, the Georgia humorist-philosopher? What American boy or girl is there who has not found a fountain of clean, exhilarating fun in the queer exploits of Mr. Fox, Bre'er Rabbit, and the other quaint creations of this big-hearted man of letters.

The work of Joel Chandler Harris has long since won a safe place in the literature of the world. He is perhaps the

one outstanding figure in Southern literature. His stories are classics. No one leaves their pages unsatisfied—they amuse, fascinate, refresh, inspire. The droll humor, the kindly philosophy, and the fine appreciation of southern life, exhibited in his famous folk-lore tales about the woods and negroes, form a thread of never-ceasing amusement.

Harris was born at Eatonton, Georgia, December 9, 1848, and died at his home, "The Sign of the Wrens' Nest," in Atlanta, July 3, 1918. His education was limited. He attended Eatonton Academy for several years, but left school at the age of twelve to learn the printer's trade. While thus engaged he read extensively and came into close contact with the negroes of the plantation, who filled his youthful mind with their legends and folklore.

The boy at an early age displayed a highly imaginative mind. At fourteen he began writing. He was then a little, red-headed, freckle-faced lad, but his work showed far more than average ability. His first story, "Grumblers," appeared in *The Countryman*. His first poem was called "Nelly White," a simple but graceful effort, appearing in the same publication.

The story of Joel's rise from printer's devil to that of journalist and author is a most absorbing one. Like most newspapermen, he drifted about the country, living the Bohemian life, perhaps unconscious of the genius lying dormant within him. He followed the newspaper game at Macon, Forsyth, New Orleans, and Savannah. In the latter city he worked on the *Daily News* for five years. A yellow fever epidemic drove the journalist to Atlanta, in 1876, which proved the turning point in his life.

If it were possible for you to look over the register of the historic old Kimball hotel—the political headquarters of Georgia—you would find, in 1876, the following entry:

J. C. Harris, wife, two sons, and a bilious nurse."

Evan P. Howell was then the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*. The advent of Harris, in Atlanta, did not miss the eagle eye of the great editor, who, by the way, was the father of another of America's great journalists, Clarke Howell, editor of the *Constitution*. He said to Harris: "You are not going back to Savannah. You are going to stay right here and join the *Constitution* staff."

And so the humorist became a member of the staff of the South's leading newspaper. His hour had arrived and he was quick to seize it. His work won instant approval. Henry W. Grady, the illustrious writer, orator and statesman, paid him this fine tribute: "He has developed a spirit of humor, gentle,

tender, sportive, that is equal to the best of Willis's and recalls Irwin and Lamb."

All the while the strange tales, myths and legends of the colored people were laid away in the storehouse of memory. Then an article appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, on negro folklore. Harris now saw the literary value of this material. "This article," he once said, "gave me my cue, and the legends told by 'Uncle Remus' are the result. It was the accidental beginning of a career that has been accidental throughout. It was an accident that I wrote 'Uncle Remus' and an accident that the stories put forth under the name struck the popular fancy."

People often asked Mr. Harris how he came to originate such a quaint old character as "Uncle Remus," and he invariably replied: "He was not an invention of my own, but a human syndicate, I might say, of three or four darkies whom I had known. I just walloped them together into one person and called him 'Uncle Remus.' You must remember that sometimes the negro is a genuine and original philosopher."

Joel Chandler Harris was naturally of a shy, retiring disposition. It never left him. Mark Twain and Cable were anxious for him to join them in readings, but the innate bashfulness of the versatile Georgian frustrated the plan. In Twain's *Life on the Mississippi*, the meeting of the three in New Orleans is described as only Mark Twain could describe it.

A warm friendship arose between Theodore Roosevelt and the author of "Uncle Remus." While Roosevelt was president, Harris, after much persuasion, visited the White House. The president's family became instantly attached to the southern humorist. The late president was a keen admirer of Harris' stories, commending them highly in some of his letters.

Joel Chandler Harris also intimately knew James Whitcomb Riley. He was an enthusiastic reader of Riley's work. His best known novel, *Gabriel Tulliver*, is dedicated to Riley, that immortal bard of the plain people. The Hoosier poet visited the Harris family in the Atlanta home.

The work of Joel Chandler Harris exhibits the remarkable perfection of a hard working artist. Clear thinking, directness, simplicity, all contribute to the fine finish of his work. As a literary artist his genius is sparkling and beautiful. He is never hurried. There is no halting. His may not be an "art for art's sake," but he nevertheless touches the feelings of man, making them pulsate with the pleasures and beauties of life. His philosophy is a philosophy of sunshine. He plays on the heart-strings, not to satisfy his art but to sooth or satisfy a drooping life.

Of good writing he once wrote to his daughter, Lillian: "There are two secrets of good writing that I will whisper in your ear. One is to write about something that interests you because you know it; the other is to be familiar with and believe in the ideas you propose to write about."

Harris was of a tender, sympathetic nature. He was a true lover of children. He wrote many letters to his children, letters containing much priceless philosophy flavored with delicious sallies of humor. Harris knew the negro and his thoughts and feelings better than any man of his time. That accounts for much of the success of his negro stories. His intimacy with them throughout his life provided him with an exhaustless well of knowledge from which to draw.

Like most great men, Harris was deeply religious. But his religion was not fanatical but sane and consistent. His religion sprang from the very fountains of the soul, finding outward expression in a strong, loving, Christian life. A few days before he died, Harris joined the Roman Catholic church. His daughters were educated in a convent, and his letters to them while there are real gems.

Joel Chandler Harris lies buried in West View cemetery, Atlanta. He lived great and died great. Truly and eloquently Frank L. Stanton, a living Georgia poet of worthy note, wrote of the author of "Uncle Remus:"

"He made the lowly cabin fires
Light the far windows of the world."

Lethbridge, Canada

Fate

Foremost among my gratuitous impulses is the one that man's fate is not forecast! True, cruel accident may lay thee for all time upon a bed of pain. Death may rob thee of the companionship of thy soul's most needed counterpart. Circumstances may supplant for years of plenty days of want; blindly you may fall where others stand. Courage! brother, courage! Catch the spark of Divinity struck for thee by thine adversity; it will teach thee, through the eternal laws of restoration, reunion, recompense and repentance. Thus thy final fate shall be one of progressive blessedness.—*Addie Savage Pace.*

Suppose it was You

[The author of this true incident, who, for obvious reasons, wishes his name withheld, writes the following preachment to the editors of the *Era* as an introduction to his narrative:

"With each recurring Mothers' Day I renew my resolve to try to get men and boys to appreciate, to some more reasonable degree, the value of the teaching and influence of their mothers, while their mothers still live in actual fact upon this earth. Something of the degree of our palpable neglect, in this respect, was brought to me with somewhat of a shock after my mother's death, by finding in her little bag of choice keep-sakes a letter written to her about two and a half years previously.

"In the name of all that's worthy—why only one such letter! It fairly scares me yet to think of how I might have neglected to write even that letter. I do not mean that I did not write others, because I did—many of them, but, like my often flagrant failure of verbal expression they did not speak what they might and should have spoken."—*Editors.*]

I.

One hot September afternoon, in a tall building in the national capital, a man sat at a desk alone. It was after "official hours," and clerks, stenographers, messengers, etc., had left for the day. Having finished the task at which he was engaged the man placed the papers before him in order and labeled them, to insure proper delivery. Yawning, he took his hat and coat from a locker and started down the hall. After a few steps he hesitated, reflectively a moment, then pushed the elevator signal. It being after office hours the elevator was slow in responding and the man again fell into reflections. Before the car had reached his floor, he had made up his mind.

"Thank you, Walters," he said to the operator. "I rang for you, but I have changed my mind. There is something else I must do before I leave," and he turned back to his room, and again seated himself at his desk.

The official papers did not claim his attention, however. Instead, he took a box of stationery from a small cabinet and began writing a letter. As he wrote he seemed to be moved by strong emotion. At times tears brimmed his eyes, and he almost sobbed; such seemed the tenseness of his feeling. Then he would pause in his writing and sit reflectively for intervals, his face registering the varying emotions that stirred his being.

Completing the letter, he kissed it tenderly before enclosing it; and it seemed that his spirits lightened, for he was smiling, even though it was through tears, and hesitated a moment before he rang for the elevator.

II.

Two years and a half passed. It is the depth of a rigorous winter. A train is just pulling into the little western terminus. A man springs to the slushy platform, before the train comes to a stand-still and looks anxiously over the little group at the station.

"Hello, Steele. Are you ready?" he asks of a man standing at the platform edge and holding a team.

Scarce waiting for a reply, the man flings his bag into the waiting buggy and climbs in, turning up the collar of his ulster and putting on his gloves as the spirited team dashes away. He notes the spirit and manifest hardy character of the horses; also the supply of warm wraps and a foot-warmer.

"I appreciate this, Steele, more than I can tell you. The preparations are very complete, but it is your promptness more than all else that counts now."

Steele, being a man of more thought and action than of words, merely nodded acknowledgment of the comment, and tucked the wrappings more snugly about his companion.

"How is the snow on the divide?" the man asked, as with some misgivings he peered through the gathering darkness at the fast whitening landscape.

"Deep, and—softening, I'm afraid." Then, as if to off-set the seeming pessimism, "but we'll make it."

"DeLong will be waiting for us at C——, so you will not need to go beyond there, Steele, and I wired Cameron to have an outfit ready at P——. Also at the upper station, I think I'll arrange for saddle horses, if it keeps on snowing. I'm afraid the buckboard can not be taken through. Anyhow, I can go faster on horseback. While I've not been in the saddle much lately, this is a matter of time and not one to be planning on the basis of comfort."

The talk died down, and the sturdy, western horses swung steadily along through the night and the storm. Two hours pass, and they enter the little hamlet of C——. The man looks anxiously across to the far border of the town.

"Yes," he says, with manifest relief, "DeLong is up and waiting, God bless him." Then as they draw near the house—

"Good-night, Steele. It is not possible for me to express my gratitude to you good friends. It's my—mother, you know—and I—promised faithfully that when she—when the end came, I'd be with her—if possible. And—she's—"

Too much stirred for audible utterance the kindly, silent driver stepped from the buggy with his arms full of wraps and the foot-warmer, and started for the waiting buck-board.

"Unless them's his things we don't need 'em, mister," sug-

gested DeLong standing muffled in overcoat and scarf. "I've got plenty wraps and a lighted lantern all ready. If you're not going right back, drive in the yard and put yer horses in that first stall. The missus will tell you where you are to sleep."

A woman came down the shaft of light that streamed from the open door.

"Knowing you were in a hurry and might not want to stop to eat, I have put up a little lunch," and she handed the passenger a bundle that he knew contained hot sandwiches. Nearly overwhelmed by such thoughtful kindness, the man could scarcely speak his thanks.

"I think," he said chokingly, "you must be answering her prayers, and it makes me hope that God hears them and will—spare her—long—enough—"

The fresh team was dashing away through the deepening snow and talk did not seem adequate nor necessary. A sympathy that was not all sadness seemed to melt heart and heart in a mystery of understanding more gentle in its touch than that of the feathery, falling snow.

And so, through the thick, wintry night, and into the murky day the man sped along and kindly sober-faced ranchers stood at their gates or beside the buried roadway with fresh horses ready saddled, and with morsels of tempting food, dry wraps and articles of clothing.

III.

There is much of kindness in the world, and sympathy seems everywhere at the call of occasion. But there are sorrows too sacred for naming, and never to be described. Let it be said, however, that even sorrow can have elements of soothing sympathy and balm that at times seem to merge into it a sublime state akin to happiness, sensed but indescribable, as when love—maternal love, filial love, aye, divine love that opens the gates of life, will hold ajar the very gates of death. Witness:

IV.

Swish—swish through the mud of a village street the sound of a running horse. At the gate stand solemn, expectant neighbors. The man bounds, bedraggled, from the panting steed, nods a bare recognition, and throws off a bespattered outer garment. There is at once, anxiety and relief in the silent glance, as he enters the room. He kneels at the bedside! Too late? No—there is life—breath—yes, perceptible movement—

"My—boy—has—come!"

V.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 13, 1908.

My dear Mother:—Today I have mailed you a little present for your

birthday, and it means that I think of you with much love and with appreciation of your earnest efforts in my behalf. You have done much for me in the way of actual personal assistance. I appreciate also—and, if possible, more so—the effect that your teachings and counsel have had upon me. To me you are truly and thoroughly all good. Not once do I recall an instance when your attitude and your instruction was not consistent, wise and thoroughly just. I think I have a good conscience, attributable more to you than to any other influence, the verdict of which is that I recall no word or act of yours that bore the taint of selfishness or deception. Your life has been one clean, straight course of altruism and earnest effort and desire to help everybody, and particularly myself, and to hinder no one.

I revere my honored father greatly, and I am glad that—uttered almost with his last breath—I have an impressive and sincere expression of his confidence in, and his appreciation of, your goodness, wisdom and integrity. The day he died I was drawn close to him, and he told me that he was going away; that I would not see him again for a long, long time, and that he wanted me “to always mind my mother” and that then “I would always do right.”

Long ago I was happy to discover what an appreciation of you those words expressed commending you to me as one who would make no mistakes and therein asserting confidence implicit, in both your goodness and your wisdom, as well. He could leave me with no misgivings *if I would always mind you.*

Many years have passed since then. I have been the school-boy, cowboy, student, teacher, lawyer and politician; have served my State, my Country and my Church. Through it all I have had your encouragement, counsel, and confidence, and today I bear testimony that in every respect you have vindicated and verified father's estimate of you.

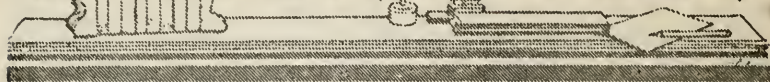
As a lover, I found from you no unwise interference, but helpful suggestion, tactfully given; and when it came to marriage, no awkward or strained readjustment, but through all a confident, cheerful counselor and aid. How pleased and gratified I am to see that you and my wife love each other, and that each seems to esteem the other par excellence in her sphere, so that from both I derive courage, caution and incentive to effort.

God bless you, mother dear, and crown your life with the joy that none have suffered on your account but that many have derived wisdom, courage and faith from your good counsel, always made potent by the force of your excellent work. May I live and strive to reflect some of the good of your sweet life and labor.

With lasting and increasing gratitude,
Your affectionate son,

“‘*Humane*’ denotes what may be rightly expected of mankind at its best, in the treatment of sentient beings; a humane enterprise or endeavor is one that is intended to prevent or relieve suffering. The humane man will not needlessly inflict pain upon the meanest thing that lives; a merciful man is disposed to withhold or mitigate the suffering even of the guilty. The compassionate sympathises with the desires to relieve actual suffering, while one who is humane would forestall and prevent the suffering which he sees to be possible.”—*Humane Pleader.*

EDITORS TABLE



Ninety-First Annual Conference Topics

By President Heber J. Grant

I am indeed delighted to see such a wonderful audience here this morning. It is gratifying to note the interest that has been manifested by the Latter-day Saints in their assembling together, throughout the various stakes of Zion, during the past six months, in fact, during the past year, in their houses of worship, to render thanks to the Lord for his goodness and mercy to them, and to testify of the blessings they have received.

I have prepared some items that I believe will be of interest to this conference. It has been usual, in the opening address, to give some items regarding the condition of the Church.

INCREASED ATTENDANCE AT SACRAMENT MEETINGS.

Our reports show that there has been an increased attendance at our sacrament meetings and fast meetings, all over the Church. I never listen to the revealed prayers that came from God, to be used in our sacrament meetings, wherein we, through those who administer the sacrament, express our determination to remember our Lord and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, and to express our willingness to obey him and to keep the commandments which he has given us but what I rejoice in the inspiration of Joseph Smith, in translating the Book of Mormon, and giving to us those two wonderful sacramental prayers, those two marvelous covenants that all Latter-day Saints make when they assemble together and partake of the sacrament. I rejoice in knowing that there has been an increase in the attendance at these meetings, and also at our fast meetings, where we are able to testify of the many blessings of God to us as a people. I am grateful to our young people for adopting the slogan that they were in favor of developing spiritual growth by attendance at our sacrament meetings. The attendance has increased, and therefore there has been a spiritual growth.

LOCAL MISSIONARY LABORS.

The missionary work which was outlined in our general Priesthood meeting at the last October Conference, has been successfully

conducted in most of the stakes and has been the means of doing a great deal of good. This labor is twice blessed. It blesses him that gives and him that receives. Some of the choicest meetings that I have been permitted to attend, during the last six months, have been gatherings of those who are engaged in missionary work in the various stakes of Zion; and I rejoice to know that many people who have heard the word of God, through these missionaries, have been baptized into the Church. I believe that in proportion to the amount of labor that has been put forth in the various stakes of Zion, of a missionary character, among those who are in our midst, but who know not the gospel, there have been as many, if not more, baptisms than there have been in the missionary fields throughout the different parts of the world.

TEMPLE WORK.

The work in our temples is progressing very satisfactorily; the attendance has been increased, and the great interest throughout the Church in temple work is very encouraging. We are now having four companies daily in the Salt Lake Temple. I think that it was a very wonderful example of the faith of the Latter-day Saints in temple work, when a fast-day was declared and the people were requested, last September, to make donations to aid in the erection of the temple in Arizona, that over one hundred eighteen thousand dollars was collected without one cent of expense, by donation upon the special fast-day set apart for that purpose. Nothing could more conclusively show the loyalty of the Latter-day Saints to that principle of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, revealed again to the earth, namely, the right and the privilege to perform labors in the holy temples of God for those of our ancestors who have passed beyond the veil than to have upon a single fast day throughout this Church one hundred eighteen thousands dollars contributed by the people for the erection of the Arizona Temple.

TEMPLE BLOCK LABORS.

I wish to commend the splendid missionary work done on the Temple Block, under the direction of the Bureau of Information, together with the free organ recitals which are given to the public. The amount of good done by this excellent labor can hardly be estimated. I have met people who have visited the Temple Block, from Salt Lake City to the Hawaiian Islands, and from Salt Lake City to New York, and to San Francisco, and in Canada and other places, and I know from my conversation with them of the splendid impression that has been made upon their minds by coming in contact with those devoted men and women who are working upon the Temple Block here as missionaries.

CHANGES OF OFFICERS IN STAKES AND MISSIONS.

There has been a slight increase in the payment of fast offerings, although there is still room for much improvement in this matter.

Since our last Conference there have been two new Stakes organized—North Sevier stake, with Moroni Lazenby as president and South Sevier stake, with John E. Magleby president. Since our last Conference, John N. Henrie, President of the Panguitch stake, has passed away. He was a faithful, diligent president of that stake of Zion.

Since our last Conference the following bishops have passed away: Bishop Herbert Beck, of Centerfield ward, South Sanpete stake; Bishop Godfrey Fuhrman, of Providence First ward, Logan stake; Bishop Walter Roberts, of Sutherland ward, Deseret stake, and Bishop Clyde A. Hammond, of Moab ward, San Juan stake. We extend the blessings of the General Authorities to the families of these our brethren, who have been called from us since our last Conference.

The following changes in stake presidencies have been made since our last Conference: Albert Choules has succeeded Don C. Driggs as President of the Teton stake, William J. Henderson has succeeded the late John N. Henrie, as president of the Panguitch stake. Brother Driggs was released with the love and confidence and blessing of his brethren, as the President of the Teton stake.

In the Netherlands mission, John T. Lillywhite has been appointed president, to succeed John A. Butterworth. Mark Coombs has been appointed as President of the Tonga mission to succeed Willard L. Smith. J. Wiley Sessions has been appointed president of the South African mission to succeed Nicholas G. Smith. I have received a letter from Brother Sessions announcing his arrival in South Africa. Brother Sessions had been trying for nearly a year to get to South Africa, but on account of the obstructions put in the way by officials, who refused to vize passports and to allow him to go there, we have been under the necessity of keeping Brother Nicholas Groesbeck Smith in that mission another year after we felt that he should have been released. Brother Smith has filled a splendid mission in South Africa and will return with the love and blessings of all the authorities of the Church.

‡ VITAL AND EDUCATIONAL STATISTICS.

Seventy-five per cent of the families of the Church in the Stakes of Zion own their homes. The birth rate of the Church is now 38 per 1,000. The death rate is 9 per 1,000. The marriage rate is 15.5 per 1,000. There has been expended for educational purposes \$718,497.19. There has been expended for tabernacle, meeting houses and amusement halls, \$346,203.17.

MISSIONARY ACTIVITIES.

There has been expended for missionary activities \$511,709.97. This does not take into account the amount expended by the individuals who go upon missions, nor the amount that they lose by giving up their employment to go upon missions. This, I am sure, would be more than two million dollars a year, in addition to this half million

dollars. So that the Latter-day Saints, as a people, are giving to the world an object lesson, such as I believe no other people upon the face of the earth are giving of their love of God, that first great commandment given to us, and also the second commandment to love our neighbor as ourselves. When we stop to reflect that a handful of people, numbering in all parts of the world only five hundred thousand men, women, children and babies, that they are expending \$2,500,000 a year in time and means to proclaim the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, with no hope of earthly reward, we find an object lesson of the love of our fellows that I believe cannot be matched, in fact I know it cannot be matched, in all the wide world.

HELP FOR THE POOR.

There has been expended for assistance rendered to the poor, \$450,000, of which \$110,000 was raised during a single fast day for the relief of the sufferers in Europe, in Armenia and other places. There has been expended for Temple purposes \$158,715.29.

I received a splendid letter from the Near East Relief Committee, in New York, which I failed to find this morning; but a day or two ago the following letter was received from Herbert L. Gutterson:

"New York City, March 21st, 1921.

*"Mr. Heber J. Grant,
47 E. South Temple St.,
Salt Lake City, Utah.*

"Dear Mr. Grant: We are in receipt of your letter of the 16th, addressed to Mr. Hoover, which we wish to acknowledge in his behalf.

"The contribution of \$68,318.21 from your Church is a most splendid testimonial to the cause, which was the basis for the formation of the European Relief Council.

"Please accept in the name of the European Relief Council as a body, our most sincere, heartfelt thanks for the contribution from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; and we beg that you will express to them this sentiment and gratitude for their co-operation.

"With kindest wishes, we are,

"Very sincerely yours,

"CONTROL COMMITTEE.

"By Herbert L. Gutterson."

DEATH OF PRESIDENT ANTHON H. LUND.

Since our last Conference we have suffered the sorrow of parting with one of the Presidency of the Church, President Anthon H. Lund, than whom, from the day of his baptism as a boy in Scandinavia, to the day of his death, no more faithful, diligent, energetic, painstaking, conscientious and intelligent worker have I known in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. President Lund was a man beloved by all. I never heard one soul in my life say anything but good of the late President Anthon H. Lund. His ability and capacity were known to all the General Authorities as that of a great and noble and a true man, a Latter-day Saint to the very core. We

mourn his loss. But in the providences of the Lord we feel that he will raise up others to assist in the rolling on of this great work. We had here a most wonderful audience at his funeral, the house being crowded to overflowing, thus showing the love and confidence and the respect of the people for President Lund.

CHANGES IN THE FIRST PRESIDENCY.

I believe that in the promotion of Brother Penrose to be First Counselor in the First Presidency after he has labored from the time that he was a boy, nineteen years of age, for ten long years in his native land, proclaiming the gospel, and returned to that land to fulfil three more missions, a total of over twenty years of missionary work, and then labored here at home constantly with pen and tongue to proclaim the gospel; after his having accomplished all this, I feel sure that the Latter-day Saints rejoice in the promotion of this aged man, now in his ninetieth year, to be the First Counselor in the Presidency of the Church.

I believe that the Latter-day Saints generally have approved in their hearts of the selection of Anthony W. Ivins to be my Second Counselor, to become a member of the Presidency of the Church. We have not yet presented these names but they will be presented before the Conference adjourns.

CHOICE OF A NEW APOSTLE.

I am convinced in my own heart that if President Anthon H. Lund had had the privilege of nominating a man to fill the vacancy caused in the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, through his death, and through the promotion of Brother Ivins, that he would have named Brother John A. Widtsoe. The gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ has gathered from the British Isles and from the Scandinavian countries many thousands upon thousands of honest, energetic, faithful, loyal, true Latter-day Saints. Scandinavia, second only to the British Isles, has furnished great numbers of converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I believe that the Saints generally approve of those who have been called to these positions. I am convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt that the Presidency and the Apostles, under the inspiration of the Lord, nominated the proper man to fill the vacancy in the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, and I have absolutely no doubt but what the Latter-day Saints will sanction our having set apart and ordained to the Apostleship Brother John A. Widtsoe.

HEARTY RESPONSE TO INSTRUCTIONS AT LAST CONFERENCE.

I rejoice in what I believe has been a response to the speeches made here six months ago. The keynote of our Conference at that time was to obey the commandments of the Lord Jesus Christ, to have in our hearts a love of God, a love of our fellows, to have in our hearts

the spirit of forgiveness and of long-suffering, to have in our hearts a desire to do those things that would be pleasing and acceptable to our heavenly Father; and I feel grateful that, during the past six months, there has been a spiritual growth. I believe that there has been a better feeling, that some of the animosities that were existing six months ago, because of political differences, have disappeared, now that men have had time, figuratively speaking, to "cool off." I would rejoice beyond all the power which God has given me to express my feelings, if the Latter-day Saints could express their opinions in times of political campaigns without animosity, without vindictiveness, that they could simply proclaim those principles in which they believe, without indulging in personalities.

CHANGE OF SENTIMENT FAVORING THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

I think that we as a people have very great cause to rejoice in the era of good will and fellowship that is existing today for us as a people, among those not of our faith, in comparison with the conditions that existed some years ago. I do not know of any single thing that has happened in my experience, during the long time that I have been one of the General Authorities of the Church, that has impressed me more profoundly with the change of sentiment towards the latter-day Saints than the reception that was accorded to me December last when I went to Kansas City and delivered a speech upon the accomplishments of "Mormonism." When I reflect upon the fact that in the leading hotel in that wonderful and progressive city—(I don't know that all of the people here, in fact I feel sure that perhaps the majority of those here are not aware of the fact that although that city is only one-half as large as St. Louis, its bank clearings are larger than those of St. Louis, that in some particular items they stand first, in commerce, among all the cities of the United States; and I do not know whether you are aware of the fact that they have one paper there that is conceded to be one of the six leading newspapers of the United States, the *Kansas City Star*)—I was permitted to stand up within ten miles of Independence, the place from which the Latter-day Saints were expelled, by an expulsion and exterminating order of the Governor of the State, Governor Boggs, and to proclaim the accomplishments of the Latter-day Saints; to relate the prophecies of Joseph Smith, to give to those men that were there assembled—over three hundred of the leading influential business men of the city—the testimony of Josiah Quincy regarding the Prophet Joseph Smith; to repeat to them the great Pioneer hymn, "Come, come, ye Saints;" to relate the hardships, the drivings and the persecutions of the Latter-day Saints and to have that body of representative men receive that address with approval, applaud it in many places, and many of them come to me after the meeting and shake hands and congratulate me upon the address; and to have some of the members of the Board of

Directors of that great club—the Knife and Fork Club of Kansas City—(which I have been informed is the second greatest dinner club in the United States, the Gridiron of Washington standing first) to have them say that they hoped for a return date so that they could hear more of our people; and then stop to reflect upon the fact that the Prophet and his followers, in the early days, were expelled from Missouri; that many of them were murdered; that all kinds of crimes were committed upon the people; that their property was confiscated; that we have never received anything for our property that belonged to us in that section, that today some of the valuable country that we traveled over there is the very property that our people owned, (for when you follow up many abstracts of valuable property you will find that the title centers in the bishop of the “Mormon” Church, and only because of lapse of time have people secured a proper title to these lands, and not because it was ever paid for)—I say to stop and reflect that the drivings and the persecutions of the Latter-day Saints, of which no tongue can tell and no pen can paint the conditions; and then to realize that there is a feeling in that community now, among the people residing in the very place, so to speak, from which President Joseph Smith, the Prophet of the living God, and others were driven out; to be invited to go there and be asked to talk of the accomplishments of “Mormonism,” and to have that talk received, with open arms, shows the most wonderful change of sentiment.

A short time ago the editor and publisher of the *Coast Banker* a paper that has a circulation all over the Twelfth Federal Reserve banking district, asked me to write an article on the accomplishments of our people. I did not have time to write the article, but I sent him my speech delivered before the Knife and Fork Club, and told him if that would fill the bill, I would be very glad indeed to have him publish it. Of course, I realized it was a very long speech, because I talked pretty rapidly and I talked for fifty-seven minutes, but he published all that I said. He published, besides, an introduction of such a character that I am very proud of it. I thanked him kindly, when I met him, for this introduction to my speech.

Now, I pray the Lord to bless the Latter-day Saints. I pray the Lord that we may remember that same keynote that was given here six months ago—keep the commandments of the Lord. Why, you know, if we can just remember those first two great things, to love the Lord our God with all our hearts, with all our might, with all our mind, with all our strength, and to love our neighbor as ourselves, we are sure to walk in that straight and narrow path that shall lead us to life eternal. God bless you one and all, and all Israel, and all the honest, the world over, is my prayer, and I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

An Error Corrected

In an article in the April *Era*, page 501, it was inadvertently stated that the late President Anthon H. Lund had been Superintendent of the Religion classes since April, 1900. It should have been said that he was Superintendent of the Religion classes from April, 1900, to February 5, 1919. At a meeting of the General Board of Religion Classes held on the latter date, President Anthon H. Lund announced that President Heber J. Grant had recommended that members of the First Presidency of the Church be released from serving on auxiliary boards. In compliance with this recommendation, much to his regret, he would be under the necessity of withdrawing from the General Board. President Lund then announced that Elder Rudger Clawson had been chosen as general Superintendent of Religion classes, with Elders Joseph Fielding Smith and William A. Morton as his assistants. This statement clears the record.

Messages from the Missions

Changes in Australia

"President Don C. Rushton and wife returned to Australia on the *Ventura*, November, 1920, relieving President Arnold D. Miller, who returned on the same boat for Zion. A reception party was given in honor of President and Sister Rushton, and a bouquet of flowers was presented to them by the Saints of Sydney, to show their appreciation for the sacrifice made by these good people in returning to Australia to fulfil their second mission. This is President Rushton's fourth mission, the first being performed in the Southern States. A few years later, he was called to England, in company with his wife: his third mission being to Australia, for a period of three years, returning home in 1917. In 1920, he was again called into the world to cry repentance to the people. The Australian mission has again been put on its feet by the arrival of more missionaries from Zion. The past three boats have brought to our shores seventeen elders, whose names are as follows: William W. Horne, Herman E. Bayles, William E. Coleman, William L. Jones, Alvin Engelstead, Doris Baker, Gordon Smith, Marion G. Romney, Robert H. Andrus, Raymond P. Nelson, Earl R. Hanson, Jerald O. Billings, William C. Warner, Wallace O. Walker, Ira J. Page, William Lutz, and Elmer J. Hendricks. The new men show an excellent spirit, which makes one's heart rejoice to see the faith shown by the young men of Zion. We have a great work to perform in this part of the world. The prophecy of Isaiah has truly been fulfilled, 'for darkness does cover the world and gross darkness the minds of the people. The elders of Israel should do their utmost to spread the gospel, because the benefits given the receiver are eternal. The Saints and elders of the Sydney branch mourn the loss of Sister Burnt Jacobsen, who died October last, following an operation. The Saints of this branch are performing their duties in the Church with untiring zeal. The Newcastle branch of the New South Wales conference is being opened up to continue the work so nobly carried on by Brothers Roy Innis and Walter J. Bailey. Secretary Louis W. Budge has been re-

leased from his duties in the mission office and is succeeded by William W. Horne."—*Austin N. Tolman*, Conference President.

Successful Lantern Slide Lectures in England

I gave the "Lantern Lecture" on "Utah and her people," in Cardiff, to an audience of over eight-hundred people. Elders Morgan and Hansen secured the Cory Hall and after advertising it for a week we happened to drop around the night before the lecture to look the place over. We were surprised to see our large poster removed from the front of the building. Upon enquiring from within, the superintendent, Mr. Page, none too politely, said that our money was to be refunded and that we could not have the hall. He said the word "Mormon" was like a red flag before a bull. He walked away from us twice, ill-mannered and abruptly, and refused to listen to reason. However, we went to him again and secured a promise of an interview later. In the meantime, we went to our lodge and prayed. At the appointed time we went to the hall and Mr. Page smiling said, "You may proceed." The Lord had softened the hearts of the directors, which we think was a very wonderful thing, seeing that the hall was owned by the Cory



A snap shot of the elders of the Bristol Conference, at Cardiff, Wales. Left to right: David N. Low, Harvey D. Hansen, Frank Lockyear, Gomer O. Thomas, Richard Williams, Jr., Fred R. Morgan and James Gunn McKay.

family which included Miss Winifred Graham's husband. Anyway, the lecture was a success, and we feel that it was a triumph in our opposer's own camp, and the good results are being encountered as the elders meet the people who were at the lecture. I believe that this is one of the means that the Church will use extensively to preach the gospel, in the near future. It attracts prominent people that it is impossible to reach going from door to door.


We have twenty-four new elders, who arrived here at "Deseret," during the last week, for training. Two of them were appointed to Sweden and another to Denmark. I feel confident that ere long the brethren will proceed on to their fields of labor. I am enclosing here a snapshot of the elders who are laboring in the Bristol conference. They came to Cardiff to attend a priesthood meeting. Elders Williams and Thomas are laboring at Merthyr, where a branch was organized on Jan. 31, when Elder J. Arno Kirkham and myself journeyed there for that

purpose. Merthyr is situated among the South Wales hills, and is a coal mining city, named after a girl by the name of Tydfil who was burned at the stake because she tried to protect her father from becoming a prisoner of an opposing sect. Elders Morgan and Hansen labored in Cardiff, Elders Low and Lockyer, at Bristol. The picture is interesting as a souvenir for those taken in it and also showing the small brick-like building stones of which nearly every house in Cardiff is constructed."—*James Gunn McKay.*

Work in Lowell, Massachusetts

Elder Frank J. Earl, No. 19, Fernald Street, Lowell, Massachusetts, writes under date of February 16: "After a lapse of five or six years, missionaries are again active in this city. Five months ago Elder F. W. Reid and I were sent here to open this new field. Later, Elder Reid was transferred to Providence, R. I., and Elder Clyde Keyte took his place. Our first public meeting was held in the Odd Fellow's Hall on Sunday, February 6, with an attendance of sixty-seven people, including Conference President C. F. Stuart, and Elder H. P. Smith who has charge of the 'Memorial Farm,' Sharon, Vermont. These brethren, and Sister Ruth Holbrook, were the speakers. The meeting introduced 'Mormonism' to the people, and was pronounced a grand success by all who were interested. Sister Ruth Holbrook and Martha Williams lately arrived here to aid in carrying on the good work, and we look forward to a bright future. With a feeling that our many friends throughout the world may be interested in our work here we give this report to our 'Companion,' the *Improvement Era*, wishing all of our many friends throughout the world, success in proclaiming the gospel message. Missionaries, left to right, standing: Frank J. Earl, Fielding, Utah; Clyde Keyte, Provo, Utah; front: Ruth Holbrook and Martha Williams, Salt Lake City.





MUTUAL WORK

Y. M. M. I. A. EFFICIENCY REPORT, MARCH, 1921

STAKE	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Pr'gm	Scout Work	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Participation in M.I.A. Programs	Stake & Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Meetings or each. Pr. Class	TOTAL
<i>Utah</i>											
Alpine	10	10	10	5	5	5	10	5	5	65
Beaver	5	10	5	5	5	10	5	10	5	10	70
Benson	10	5	5	5	10	10	10	10	5	10	80
Box Elder	10	10	10	5	10	10	5	10	10	10	90
Cache	10	10	5	5	5	5	10	10	5	65
Deseret	10	5	5	5	10	10	10	5	5	5	70
Duchesne	10	10	10	5	10	5	5	10	5	5	75
Granite	5	10	10	10	10	10	5	10	5	75
Hyrum	10	5	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	5	85
Jordan	5	5	10	5	5	5	5	10	5	5	60
Juab	10	10	10	5	10	5	5	10	10	10	85
Kanab	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	5	80
Liberty	5	5	5	10	10	5	10	5	10	10	75
Millard	10	5	10	5	10	5	10	10	65
Nebo	10	10	10	5	10	5	10	10	10	10	90
North Sanpete	10	10	10	5	10	10	5	10	10	5	85
North Weber	5	10	10	5	10	10	5	10	10	10	85
Roosevelt	10	5	5	5	10	5	10	10	5	5	70
St. George 10-12	10	10	10	5	10	5	5	10	5	5	75
San Juan 3-4	10	5	5	5	10	5	10	5	5	60
South Sanpete	5	10	5	5	10	5	5	5	5	5	60
Tintic	10	5	5	5	10	10	5	5	10	5	70
Uintah	10	10	10	10	5	10	10	10	5	80
<i>Idaho</i>											
Bannock	10	10	5	10	5	5	10	10	5	70
Blackfoot	5	10	10	5	10	10	5	10	10	5	30
Boise	10	10	5	5	10	10	5	10	10	5	80
Burley	10	5	10	5	10	5	10	5	10	5	75
Cassia	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5	5	90
Lost River 4-6	10	10	5	5	10	10	10	10	5	5	85
Malad	10	10	10	5	10	5	5	10	5	70
Montpelier	10	10	10	5	10	5	10	10	5	5	80
Portneuf	10	10	10	5	10	5	5	10	10	5	80
Rigby	5	10	5	5	5	5	5	10	10	5	65
Shelley 7-8	10	5	5	5	10	10	10	10	5	70
Teton 4-10	10	5	5	5	10	5	40
Twin Falls	10	5	5	5	5	5	5	10	10	5	65
Yellowstone	10	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	95

STAKE	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Prgm	Scout Work	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Participation in M.L.A. Programs	Stake & Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Meetings or Teach.-Tr.Cl	TOTAL
<i>Arizona</i>											
Maricopa	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5	90
St. Joseph	10	5	5	10	5	5	10	5	5	60
Snowflake	10	10	5	5	10	5	5	10	5	5	70
<i>Wyoming</i>											
Woodruff	5	10	10	5	5	5	5	10	5	60
<i>Colorado</i>											
Young 4-5	10	10	5	5	10	5	5	10	5	10	75
<i>Canada</i>											
Taylor	10	5	5	5	10	5	5	10	5	5	65
Moapa (Nev.)	10	5	5	5	5	10	10	5	5	5	65
Union (Ore.)	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	90

Stakes Classified as per Points

Yellowstone95	Kanab80	Young75	Millard65
Nebo90	Uintah80	Beaver70	Rigby65
Box Elder90	Blackfoot80	Deseret70	Twin Falls65
Cassia90	Boise80	Roosevelt70	Taylor65
Maricopa90	Montpelier80	Tintic70	Moapa65
Union90	Portneuf80	Bannock70	Jordan60
Hyrum85	Duchesne75	Malad70	San Juan60
Juab85	Granite75	Shelley70	So. Sanpete60
No. Sanpete85	Liberty75	Snowflake70	St. Joseph60
No. Weber85	St. George75	Alpine65	Woodruff60
Lost River85	Burley75	Cache65	Teton40
Benson80			

Fremont, 85; Idaho, 70; Ogden, 90; Weber, 85; too late for classification.

Not Heard From

Bear River	Pioneer	Wasatch	Pocatello
Carbon	Parowan	Wayne	Raft River
Cottonwood	Salt Lake	Bear Lake	St. Johns
Emery	Sevier	Bingham	Big Horn
Ensign	South Davis	Blaine	Star Valley
Morgan	Summit	Curlew	San Luis
Logan	Tooele	Franklin	Alberta
North Davis	Utah	Oneida	Juarez
Panguitch			

Comments

For the month of March only 49 stakes reported, while 33 were unheard from. It is interesting to compare the points made in February, which month had really the best showing for the year, with those of March in which there was a general deterioration in efficiency, in the stakes reporting. Now, let us see what we can do for April and May. Send us your reports promptly, if you are doing nothing, say so, but let us know the condition. Please make no excuse. Report the condition.

Basket Ball League

Superintendent Edwin L. Murphy, Duchesne stake, writing from Upalco, Utah, on the 8th of April reports that they have had excellent success in

their association during the past winter. A basket-ball league known as the M. I. A. league proved of great interest in bringing the boys to the Mutual and in doing away with tobacco. "We feel that much good can come out of summer sports, and have therefore arranged a schedule for athletic contests between the various wards of the Duchesne stake. The stake is divided into three divisions, each consisting of four teams. Two teams of each division meet each other three times, and then combine and meet the combined teams of the other wards two or three times; and finally, teams picked from the three divisions meet once." The schedule was to take place from April 1 to July 4. Leland Hair is in charge of the first division, Cliff Moffitt, of the second and Earl Case, the third."

The San Francisco Conference holds its First M. I. A. Convention

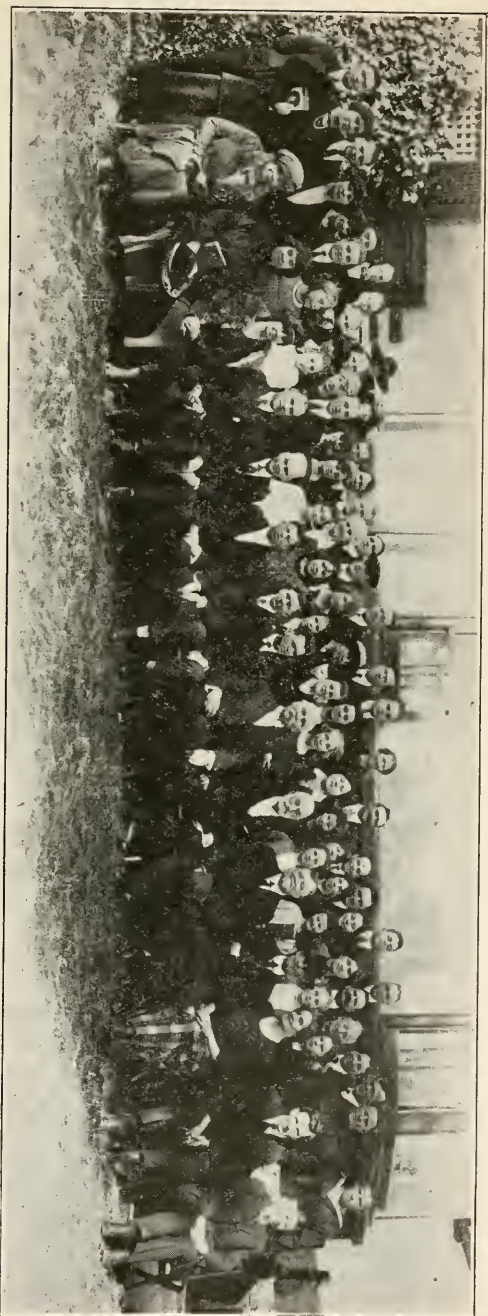
The first M. I. A. Convention was recently held under the direction of Elder Claude C. Cornwall, Superintendent of the M. I. A. in the California mission. There were also present President Heber J. Grant, Joseph W. McMurrin, of the California mission; J. Golden Kimball, of the First Council of Seventies; Wilford W. Richards, of the San Francisco conference; and George J. Ward of the Gridley conference. At the first session one hundred percent of the officers in the conference was present. Short talks were given by local superintendents and counselors. Superintendent Cornwall opened the channels which led to the discussion of many vital problems by pointing out the purpose of the great M. I. A. work. The coming season's work was discussed, and from the enthusiasm shown, big things will result. The afternoon session was devoted to departmental work; the class leaders, the Activity Committee, the Secretaries and Treasurers, the Bee Hive work. Every organization is fully organized with active leaders, able to draw in the talent from every branch, and each determined to carry out the program of the General Board. Watch the M. I. A. in this conference grow! Elder Cornwall enthusiastically laid much stress upon the importance of open night programs, debates, short farces, and devoted an entire session to giving instructions in dramatics and pageantry. These ideas will soon be put into effect, from the enthusiasm shown. The conference was fortunate in having the presence of Presidents Heber J. Grant, and Joseph W. McMurrin, who encouraged the people in their work, and impressed upon the officers the magnitude of this work, and how it offers excellent opportunities to every member. The M. I. A. is not a one man's organization. The Oakland M. I. A. furnished a model preliminary program for the last session, consisting of spiritual, uplifting talks from the presiding authorities. Many investigators were present to hear the visitors speak, and left with very favorable impressions of "Mormonism." All officers and missionaries were served refreshments between meetings by the Y. L. M. I. A. of the San Francisco branch. All took part in community singing under the direction of Superintendent Cornwall. Presidents Heber J. Grant, Joseph W. McMurrin and J. Golden Kimball found their way into the hearts of every M. I. A. worker by their talks. Much credit is due Superintendent Cornwall for this successful convention, and the results will be shown in the coming season's work.

Summer Work

Officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. will be provided with a folder within a short time containing the details of the program of the summer work, for our organizations, beginning with June.

There will be outlines for monthly joint sessions with a general subject, "missionary service at home and abroad, individual and Church."

Four rallies have been provided for. These rallies are mainly intended



Some of the M. I. A. Workers, San Francisco M. I. A. Convention

ANNUAL M. I. A. AND PRIMARY CONFERENCE

The twenty-sixth General Annual Conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, and the nineteenth Annual Conference of the Primary Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be held in Salt Lake City, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, June 10, 11, and 12, 1921.

Conventions of Bee Hive and Primary workers will be held on June 6, 7, 8 and 9, and a Convention of those interested in Boy Scout work will be held on June 10 and 11.

All members are invited and all officers are particularly requested to be present at all of the meetings of the Conference, and a cordial invitation is extended to the Saints generally to attend the meetings to be held in the Tabernacle at 10, 2 and 7 p. m., on Sunday, June 12.

A. W. Ivins

B. H. Roberts

Richard R. Lyman

General Superintendency, Y. M. M. I. A.

Martha H. Tingey

Ruth May Fox

Mae T. Nystrom

Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

Louie B. Felt

May Anderson

Clara Woodruff Beebe

Presidency Primary Association.

for stake rallies, though in places where they cannot be held in the stakes, the wards may take them up.

For June, a mass meeting will be held after the annual Conference in which the instructions of the June Conference will be discussed.

For July, a lawn festival, an example of which, it is expected, will be given at the June Conference.

For August, a picnic, outlines of which will be provided in the circular.

For September, Scout and Bee Hive day will be observed, the details of which will likewise be provided.

In a number of stakes it is customary to hold a Sunday evening weekly meeting of the young people. An outline providing subject matter for these meetings will be given in the folder.

A special folder will be provided demonstrating Fathers and Sons' outings, which were so successful last season. It is expected that this subject will be taken up with enthusiasm in all the stakes.

Stake officers will be furnished with the folders. In the meantime, it is expected that every ward will continue with the lessons that are provided for the period ending with the June Conference.

Scouting in the Y. M. M. I. A.

This is the program for Scout Leaders' Convention, to be held in Salt Lake City, Friday and Saturday, June 10 and 11; afternoon Friday, and early Saturday morning.

Morning Session—roof garden, Joseph Smith Memorial Building, L. D. S. U.

1. Flag Exercises. Conducted by Eagle Scouts. 2. Prayer. 3. Battle Hymn of the Republic. 4. The new Y. M. M. I. A. Bulletin, and how to use it. 5. Discussion. 6. "The Tenderfoot." a. Giving examination to boy. (Demonstration.) b. Presentation of certificate and badge. (Demonstration.) 7. Discussion. 8. A Scout song. 9. Prayer.

Provision is being made for a luncheon when Church, State and National leaders in Scouting, will meet with delegates. "Eats" and special program.

1. Demonstrations in life saving, splints, shock, trailing and tracking. map-making and cooking, and camping. As far as possible this session will be devoted to the actual doing of things rather than talking about them. 2. Games. 3. "Swim."

Camp-fire scout "Sing."

1. One-half hour Bee-Hive Demonstration. (By a selected Bee Swarm.) 2. One-half hour Boy Scouts. 3. Ten minutes Y. L. address. 4. Ten minutes Y. M. address.

Work Until the End of May

The regular class work should continue in all the wards, until the end of May. The lessons in Part II, Advanced Senior Class, (*Era*, March, April and May) should be adapted to all the classes, either held separately or in joint session. After June 1, a Summer program, now being prepared, will be provided.

PASSING EVENTS



A Polish constitution was adopted by the parliament of the country, March 17. A provision that the president of the republic be a Catholic was defeated and Protestants were made eligible for the office.

Former Governor William Spry, of Utah, was appointed by President Harding as commissioner of the general land office. Governor Spry was endorsed for the post by Senator Smoot, Republican of Utah, and by a number of other western members of Congress.

The appointment of Wm. D. Riter to the office of assistant attorney general was agreed upon March 31, on recommendation of Senator Smoot. Mr. Riter is a native of Salt Lake City, the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Riter. He is at present the president of the Utah Bar association.

Kronstadt was captured by the Bolshevik troops March 16. This ended the revolutionary movement of which that fortress was the center. On March 18 it was announced from Berne, Switzerland, that the Ukranian nationalists had captured Mohilev and Jambol, on the Dniester river, from the Bolsheviks.

Arizona gave \$2,500 to the Mormon Battalion fund, according to word received March 11, by B. H. Roberts, chairman of the monument commission, from Elder Le Roi C. Snow. The bill appropriating the money was passed by the Arizona senate, March 11, by a vote of 15 to 2. It had previously passed the house, 27 to 7.

Former Premier Viviani of France, who came here to sound the attitude of the United States on international questions, and to promote a closer accord between the two nations, was received by President Harding at the White House March 30. M. Jules Jusserand, the French ambassador, presented M. Viviani to the president and acted as interpreter.

Mrs. Inga Carlson, who passed away recently at the home of her son, John H. Carlson, in Bybee ward, South Fremont county, Idaho, was 94 years old. She was born at Stockholm, Sweden, June 11, 1827. With her husband, she came to America in 1866. Her son John H. Carlson was born on the ocean. Coming west they soon located at Clifton, Idaho, afterwards moving to Oxford, where her husband died some years ago.

Twenty-seven persons were reported killed and over a hundred injured in the wreck of two passenger trains at Porter, Ind., at 6:20 o'clock February 27, when a westbound New York Central train, No. 151, known as the Interstate Express, crashed into a derailed eastbound Michigan Central train, No. 20, known as "The Canadian." Railroad officials termed it one of the most disastrous wrecks in recent years. Nearly all of the victims were residents of Illinois, Indiana and Michigan.

A disastrous fire in Tokio, Japan, which for a time threatened the entire city with destruction, on March 27, reduced 1,000 houses in the northwest part of the city to ashes, injured 133 persons, made thousands homeless, and caused a loss estimated at about \$12,500,000. Included in the property destroyed were three hospitals, a bank, and several large business houses.

Norman Brown died at his home in Draper, March 25, at the age of 91 years, as the result of an accident the day before, when he stumbled over a baby carriage and fell, fracturing three ribs on his right side. One of the ribs pierced the lung, causing his death. Mr. Brown was born in Crawford county, Pa., and came to Utah in the spring of 1848. He came to Draper in 1849 and made two trips to California and three trips across the plains with ox teams, conveying immigrants and provisions.

James Cardinal Gibbons, archbishop of Baltimore and senior prelate of the Roman Catholic church in the United States, died March 24, 1921. He was born in Baltimore July 23, 1834, was ordained priest June 30, 1861, and made a "prince of the church," as the cardinals are called, June 30, 1886. He filled many important ecclesiastical positions and took more than ordinary interest in the social and political happenings of everyday life. Cardinal Gibbons visited Salt Lake City, in 1909, as the guest of the late Senator Thomas Kearns.

Alfred R. Beck, a resident of Spanish Fork since 1852, died at his home there, February 28. He was born November 28, 1839, in Monmouth county, New Jersey. With his parents, three sisters and two brothers, he came to Utah in 1850, living for two years in Salt Lake and then coming to Spanish Fork. Mr. Beck was a veteran of the Black Hawk war, and was one of the men who spent two years repelling the Indians in Sanpete county. Five of his sons and one grandson saw service in the world war.

An almost perfect vacuum has been obtained by Prof. Orin Tugman, of the University of Utah, according to a report published March 26. In this vacuum there is a pressure of only .00000002 pounds per square inch and that air, the inventor says, is too thin for even the passage of electricity. The apparatus consists of two pumps. The first is an oil pump and is capable of producing a vacuum of .00002 pounds per square inch. A tube is then connected with a mercury vapor pump or aspirator. The mercury in this is boiled, and the vapor passes through a nozzle, sucking out the molecules of air.

Upper Silesia for Germany was the result of the plebiscite held in that country on March 20. The vote showed 716,408 for Germany and 471,406 for Poland. The plebiscite area, involving 5,000 square miles of valuable mineral lands, including coal, iron, zinc and lead, is the largest territory to decide its nationality under the peace treaty. Germany has insisted it must have upper Silesia to meet her reparation payments, while Poland equally urged its need for that nation's welfare. In France there is a strong sentiment in favor of the division of Upper Silesia along a line drawn as nearly as possible in accordance with the vote.

Clyde Asbury Hammond, a member of the house of the Utah legislature from Grand county and bishop of Moab ward, passed away, March 23, at the L. D. S. hospital, Salt Lake City. Ulcer of the stomach and other ailments were the cause of death. Blood transfusion was resorted to three times during his illness, but to no avail. A grandson of the late Francis A. Hammond, he was born at Huntsville, Utah, thirty-five years ago, and was the son of the late Fletcher B. Hammond, for several terms a member of the Utah legislature. He was elected to the fourteenth legislature last November, and enjoyed the distinction of being the only Democrat elected to the lower house. He attended only a few sessions, however, being stricken shortly after the lower house had become organized, and never recovering sufficiently to resume his seat. Besides his widow and two small sons, he is survived by five brothers.

A change in the Presidency and Board of the Relief Society of the

Church was effected at the conference of that organization in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, April 2. Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, who has been the president since Oct. 3, 1910, was honorably released owing to her advanced age and feeble health, and Mrs. Clarissa Smith Williams was appointed to take her place, with Mrs. Jennie Brimhall Knight, of Provo, as her first, and Mrs. Louisa Yates Robinson, of Granite stake, as her second counselor, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, secretary and treasurer. Mrs. Juliana L. Smith, first counselor to Mrs. Wells, was also honorably released. The Board is now composed of: Emma A. Empey, Susa Young Gates, Janette A. Hyde, Sarah M. McLelland, Lillian Cameron, Annie Wells Cannon, Lelene Hart, Lottie Paul Baxter, Julia Alleman Childs, Cora Bennion, Julia A. F. Lund, Amy Whipple Evans, Ethel Reynolds Smith, Barbara Howell Richards, Rosanna C. Irvine.

Changes in Ward and Stake Officers during the month of March, 1921.—

New Stake Presidents.—Teton stake, Albert Choules, succeeded Don C. Driggs, Ralph R. Cordon, first counselor, Alma Hanson, second counselor.

Panguitch stake, William J. Henderson succeeded John N. Henrie, William T. Owens, Jr., first counselor, and J. Nephi Henrie, second counselor.

Big Horn stake, Brigham L. Tippetts, Jr., appointed first counselor to President Croft, Albert Olsen, second counselor.

New Wards and Bishops.—Pocatello Fourth ward, Pocatello stake, William P. Whittaker, bishop, address P. O. Box No. 829, Pocatello, Idaho. Pocatello Fifth ward, Pocatello stake, James A. Quinn, bishop, address, Pocatello, Idaho. Pocatello Sixth ward, Pocatello stake, Ammon Y. Satterfield, bishop, address Pocatello, Idaho. Burley Third ward, Burley stake, Robert G. McKibben, bishop.

The death of Champ Clark, of Missouri, for over a quarter of a century a towering figure in the political life of our nation, occurred at Washington, D. C., March 2. About ten days previously he was stricken down with a cold. Pleurisy developed, and this, in connection with ailments due to an advanced age, proved too much even for his seemingly powerful frame. Champ Clark was born in Anderson, Kentucky, March 7, 1850. He was educated at Kentucky University and Bethany College, and the Cincinnati law school. In 1875 he moved to Missouri, where he took up the study and practice of law, and became prosecuting attorney in Pike county. His next step was into the Missouri legislature. He was first sent to the national forum in 1893 and his strength in the house developed rapidly. When John Sharp Williams left the house for the senate, Representative Clark was made minority leader. His election to the speakership of the house came in the sixty-second congress and he has served in every congress since and including the fifty-third, in 1893, except the fifty-fourth, when he was beaten.

The Ninety-first annual conference of the Church, which was held in Salt Lake City, April 3-6, inclusive, was a memorable gathering. The attendance on the first day was probably the largest in the history of the Church. During the following three days the weather was less favorable, with snow, frost, and a cold wind, but the meetings were, nevertheless, exceedingly well attended, and the Spirit of the Lord rested upon the speakers and hearers. President Heber J. Grant suggested that the growth of the Church in morals and good works, "obedience to the commandments of God," "brotherly love," and "charity" be the subjects to which the Saints should direct their thoughts and actions. Doctrines were set forth in great clearness; powerful and eloquent testimonies were borne, and wise counsel was given with impressive ardor and kindness. Gratitude was also expressed for the work accomplished at home and abroad, as evidenced in the spiritual growth of the Church, the increased tithes

and offerings, and the baptisms in the mission fields; also in the change of sentiment in the world toward the Latter-day Saints.

An Anglo-Russian treaty was signed in London, March 16, by representatives of the two countries, opening the way for the resumption of commercial relations. One of the strange provisions of the document is that, "Each party agrees to refrain from hostile action or propaganda outside its borders against the other's institutions or giving assistance or encouragement to any propaganda outside its own borders. The soviet government particularly agrees to refrain from any encouragement of Asiatic people to action against British interests, especially in Asia Minor, Persia, Afghanistan and India." In the arrangement, the soviet, government is termed the "government of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic." On March 23 it was announced that the soviet government had made an appeal to President Harding and Congress in favor of resumption of trade relations with the United States. The hope was expressed that the United States would not continue to follow "obdurately" the course taken by President Wilson, who, the note declared, "without cause and without any declaration of war," attacked Russia, and "showed a growing hostility toward the Russian republic." The Russian overtures, it was announced on March 25, were promptly rejected.

Excommunication was found necessary, after an impartial Church trial, a short time ago, in the case of a number of men and women belonging to the West Tintic branch, of the Tintic stake of the Church, in eastern Juab county. The persons excommunicated are: Moses S. Gudmundson, violinist and former professor of music at the Brigham Young university, who began the establishment of a new movement on the strength of revelations which he has claimed to have received; J. Elvan Houtz, David Whyte, Gerald H. Lowry, and J. Leo Hafen. The following were disellowshipped: Mrs. May Metcalf Houtz, Mrs. Delia Hafen Whyte, Mrs. Minerva B. Weight, Mrs. Lucy Warren Metcalf, Ralph B. Weight, Thomas D. Nisbet, and Levi G. Metcalf, Jr. Gudmundson was the leader of a colony that located in West Tintic and there began to adopt certain practices contrary to the teachings of the Church. One of their false doctrines was known as, "The Doctrine of Wife Sacrifice"—another form, apparently, of the old story of "communal marriages" or promiscuity in sex relations. One of the principles adopted by the colony required the sale by members of all earthly possessions, the proceeds being placed in the name of Mr. Gudmundson, who devoted these funds to the purchase of supplies for the community life.

Phoenix Day was observed February 14, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Phoenix, Arizona, by white settlers, and the pioneers in Salt River valley were given a prominent place in the exercises. "It is 43 years since the Latter-day Saints settled Mesa. A historic pageant is to be given," says a correspondent from Phoenix, Mr. Le Roi Snow, in a letter dated February 9, in which the story will be told of the Spanish and the Anglo-Saxon settlement of the valley. Bands of Indians from the Navajo, Apache, Pima, and Papago tribes will play an important part, followed by the Spanish explorers and Padres, the cowboys and miners, and finally an emigrant party of 'Mormon' pioneers, with some of the original ox-wagons will recall the real beginning of agriculture and irrigation in that section. An interesting field meet was held February 4, at Lehi when the Indians, from the Salt Lake Valley reservation, and the M. I. A. of the Lehi ward, gathered for a day of outdoor sports. It was a gala day for the Indians. They decorated and managed a number of attractive booths at which they sold antique curiosities and trinkets. Funds were raised toward the purchase of a piano which was recently installed

in the Papago ward church. The Papago ward is made up almost entirely of Indian members of the Church."

Peter Jacob Lammers, born June 1, 1839, in Holland, and for many years a resident of Ogden, died March 1, 1921. At the age of twenty he was converted to the gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saints, and through all the years was a faithful member and worker in the Church being at the time of his death a member of the Weber stake High Priest's quorum. He filled three missions to Holland, one of three years and two of two years. He came to Utah in 1869, and has lived in Ogden all this time. Brother Lammers is an historical figure in the Holland mission. He was ordained an elder and set apart as a missionary in Holland, October 22, 1865, on which day the first conference ever held in Holland convened at Gorichem. He continued to labor as a native elder for three years and then emigrated. In 1875 he returned and presided over the Holland mission from Oct. 9, 1875, to June 23, 1877. Again, in 1882 he presided over the mission for two years to Nov. 25, 1884, and published the following tracts in the Dutch language translated from the German and English: "A Word of Defense", Heinrich Eyring; "Catechism for Children", John Jaques; "Remarkable Vision"; "The New Jerusalem", and "A Divine Calling", by Orson Pratt. Brother Lammers is survived by a wife and five children.

The Utah legislature of 1921 adjourned March 12. Taxation, reorganization of the state government, and reapportionment were among the problems before the legislators. No less than 371 bills were introduced in both houses, exclusive of resolutions and memorials. Of these 206 were "killed" by the legislature, and 165 sent to the governor for his signature, or veto.

The bill that caused most discussion outside as well as inside the legislative halls was the Southwick anti-cigarette bill, the passage of which is approved by a majority of the citizens of the state. Several measures proposing changes in the laws dealing with taxation failed of adoption. Among these was the Southwick income tax bill. Among the reorganization measures adopted were the creation of a department of agriculture, a department of registration, the amalgamation of the state dairy and food bureau with the department of agriculture and the creation of a state department of finance and purchase. The reappointment bill, as finally passed, provides for one senator for each 25,000 inhabitants, or major fraction thereof in any district, and one member in the house of representatives for each 10,000 inhabitants or major fraction thereof in a county. Salt Lake county, with more than 35 per cent of the state's population by the last federal census, will, accordingly, have 30 per cent of the voting strength of the senate and 29 per cent of that of the house.

Germany refused to pay the one billion gold marks demanded by the reparations commission of the allies, and disputed the commission's figures showing that a balance of twelve million marks was due on May 1. As a result, another ultimatum was sent to the German government, March 24, with a demand of payment in full and a threat of the infliction of penalties. In the meantime, a communist plot, financed by bolsheviki, was reported from Berlin. Complete anarchy was reported to reign in parts of Saxony, while severe fighting, with more than fifty casualties, occurred at Hamburg. At Eisleben, on March 25, a battle between 2,000 men of the police force and 2,500 communists, supported by the rural populace, was fought with varying success. On March 27, it was reported from Halle that the police had gained control in a majority of the troubled cities of Saxony, and that the insurrection had virtually been suppressed. But, according to reports from London, March 29, there were indications of a spread of the red movement in the Rhineland and Westphalia. A state of

siege was declared in the districts of Munster and Arnesberg and the unoccupied part of Ducsseldorf. Sanguinary fighting occurred at Essen between the police and the reds. Two police were killed and several wounded, while ten reds were killed and twenty wounded. Passenger traffic between Cologne and Hagen was interrupted. At Mettmann, insurgents raided the Reichsbank and occupied the police station. The railroad between Elberfeld and Cologne and Elberfeld and Duesseldorf was seized by the rebels. At Dortmund communists attacked the police and killed one and wounded another.

Jessie Knight, the well known mining man of Provo, affectionally called "Uncle Jesse," by innumerable friends and associates, died at his home, March 14, 1921, after a brief illness. Six weeks previous to his demise he suffered a paralytic stroke, and, realizing that the end of his earthly career was drawing near, he put his business affairs in the hands of his eldest son, Raymond. On Friday, March 11, he had a sinking spell, and he grew gradually weaker until the end came.

"Uncle Jesse" was born in Nauvoo, Ill., Sept. 6, 1845. His parents were Newel Knight and Lydia Goldthwaite Knight. As a child he herded cows on the hills about Salt Lake City. At 16 years of age, he took employment with Benjamin Roberts, at \$30 a month. His first \$300 gave him his start in life. He purchased a wagon and team of oxen and another team on credit. On January 18, 1869, Mr. Knight married Miss Amanda McEwan at the Endowment house in Salt Lake City. He took his bride to live on a ranch near Payson, Utah. It was while living on this ranch that Mr. Knight prospected the hills of Tintic and located many valuable claims. His first claim, the "Humbug," was so named in derision by miners in that locality. He and his boys worked between seasons with picks and shovels for seven years before they found ore. As soon as the ore was discovered he had an offer of \$110,000 for the property, which he refused. Mr. Knight developed many other mining claims in that locality, but his interests were not confined to the wealth of the mine. He bought vast areas in Canada and built a sugar factory. He purchased the woolen mills of Provo, at a time when the mills were closed because they had been unprofitable to the owners. His wish to do good to his fellow men prompted him to build power plants in out of the way sections of the state so that the people could enjoy electric lights. Mr. Knight was president of the Knight Investment company of Provo, Knight Trust and Savings bank, Springville; Mapleton Sugar company, Spring Canyon Coal company, Knight Woolen mills, Eureka Hill railroad, Ellison Ranching company, Nevada Knight Sugar company in Canada, American-Colombian corporation, South America, and about twenty mining companies. Six children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Knight, five of whom still live. They are: Oscar Raymond, business man of Canada and Salt Lake City; Jesse William of Provo, Mrs. Inez K. Allen, Mrs. Jennie Mangum and Mrs. Iona Jordan. In 1890 Mr. Knight moved to Provo in order that his children might attend the Brigham Young university. He was vice-president of that institution and contributed generously to it. Newel Knight, the father of the deceased was one of the earliest converts, and had, on one occasion, a wonderful experience. The Prophet Joseph admonished him to pray publicly, but, being very timid, he refused to do so. Then he was seized by an evil spirit who distorted his features and twisted his limbs. In his agony he asked the Prophet to save him. Joseph cast out the evil spirit in the name of the Lord, whereupon Newel Knight was filled with the Holy Spirit and beautiful visions of eternity were opened to his view. This was the first miracle in the Church, and it made a deep impression upon those who witnessed it. Newel Knight had charge of the first fifty teams that crossed the Missouri river during the exodus from Nauvoo in 1846. He died on the road and was buried on an Indian reservation in Nebraska.



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